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IN his Labor Day address President Wilson has once more defined the war as it appears to the American people, a war of emancipation against "governments like that which after long premeditation drew Austria and Germany into this war," which plot "while honest men work, laying the fires of which innocent men, women and children are the fuel." Hohenzollernism must go: that is the gist of the President's declaration and of the American people's conviction about this war. The overwise minority will raise their brows. Germany may be invaded, devastated, her foreign influence destroyed, her economic future compromised; but how effect a divorce between the German people and the kind of government they want? "The kind of government they want": who knows what that is? We know the kind of government they have. It is more firmly rooted in the national traditions and habits of loyalty than were the governments of the third or even the first Napoleon. Those governments fell when their ambitions involved the French people in utter disaster. The test of German loyalty not merely to the Hohenzollerns, but to the Hohenzollerns vested with autocratic power, is coming when it becomes necessary to defend the Fatherland not on the soil of France but on German soil; when the pleasant towns and cities destroyed by retreating German armies are German, not French or Belgian. Hohenzollernism has lived upon the record of success upon success in the extension of the borders of the Fatherland. But the world means to attach a colossal failure to the Hohenzollern record. The borders of the Fatherland are to recede. Not even the German autocracy itself can expect to command the old loyalty of the people in the face of such a disaster.

SEIZURE of German shipping by Spain is an event no German would have deemed possible a year ago. Spain was depended on as safely pro-German, partly because of ancient Spanish grudges against Anglo-Saxondom, but more especially because of the supposed potency in Spain of German intrigue. Spanish political life has not been stable for generations. Revolution is an ever present menace to the monarchy, and the Germans played up their influence with the revolutionists for all it was worth. It is no longer worth anything. No revolutionary faction would be mad enough to compromise itself with the declining fortunes of Germany. The Spanish government is therefore able safely to shape its policies according to its natural sympathies and interest. These policies are still neutral, but they may not be neutral much longer. For we can hardly imagine that Germany is ready as yet to acknowledge her impotence by acquiescing in the seizure of her ships. A diplomatic break is almost inevitable, followed by an intensified warfare against Spanish shipping. In this event, a declaration of war by Spain is not at all improbable. It must again be impressed upon the Germans that beyond the range of their guns they have no friends. Was there ever in history a nation so completely isolated, morally? So long as the memory of this war endures, it is unlikely that any statesman of intelligence will regard ruthlessness as a policy of expediency.

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ACCORDING to the calculations of M. André Chéradame, published in the New York Times of August 25th and September 1st, German man power is much less seriously depleted than is generally assumed by Allied commentators. On the basis of twenty for every one hundred of the population Germany had in 1914 13,600,000 potential soldiers. Since 1914 this figure has been modified by definitive losses of 4,800,000 up to June 1, 1918, calculated from information M. Chéradame vouches for as particularly authoritative. To this figure he adds 500,000 for men wounded or sick in hospitals, which may be treated as a constant, thus making a total of 5,300,000 put out of action. But four annual contingents, aggregating 2,900,000 men, have been mobilized, as a partial offset to the battle losses. Deducting the losses of 5,300,000 from the original 13,600,000 and adding the 2,900,000 to the remainder, we arrive at the figure of 11,200,000 as the total man power of Germany on June 1, 1918. These computations would allow for 7,000,000 on the western front and over four millions for the manifold services in the rear, in Russia and Turkey, etc. If they are to be accepted as valid, we must recognize that it is a long road still to be traversed before we can win the war by frontal attacks in the west alone. If it has taken four years for France and England, supported for most of the time by Russia, to reduce German man power from 13,600,000 to 11,200,000, how many years will it take for France and England, aided by America, to destroy enough Germans to make feasible the project of carrying the war across the Rhine? The prospect is appalling.

BUT are not M. Chéradame's figures excessive? Is it really true that there were in 1914 13,600,000 Germans capable of bearing arms? Our own census figures indicate a male population, from the beginning of the 17th year to the end of the 44th, approximately 23 per cent of the aggregate. The German percentage may be assumed to be somewhat less, since immigration has swelled the proportion of males between these ages in America. But assuming that the German percentage is equal to ours, it would still be necessary to take 85 men out of every 100 to produce a total of 13,600,000. There is no state so healthy as to have so large a percentage of its males fit for military service. Again, if 2,900,000 men attained military age in the four year period, 1,500,000 passed beyond it. Doubtless most of these men have been held to service in spite of their advancing years, but they could hardly be counted as first class fighting men. Finally, does M. Chéradame allow for the normal death rate in his calculations of losses? At the very lowest, this rate would be 10 per 1,000 for the entire group, or over 500,000 for the four years. All these considerations lead us to the surmise that there are not really 11,200,000 fighting Germans confronting us, but a decidedly smaller number, perhaps not more than 9,000,000. That is enough, however, to support M. Chéradame's contention that we ought not to fix our attention exclusively upon military means and the western front. Time may yet prove that the shortest road is through the Balkans.

LENIN, apparently, has escaped death once more. It is probably well for Russia. He is not the dictator of the Soviet republic, but he is even more essential to its existence than a dictator. For him economic revolution and the establishment of a new order is everything. While the Tsar still reigned, Lenin rejoiced in Russian defeat, as bringing the revolution nearer. He was ready to sign a shameful peace, not because he was a pacifist but because with peace he believed that he could carry the revolution through in the greater part of the Russian domain and establish a centre from which revolutionary influences could play steadily upon the reactionary monarchy to the west, disintegrating it and preparing the way for the great proletarian war of revenge which should remake European civilization. It is probable that in the first flush of revolutionary success he believed that the Soviet form of organization contained within it all the resources necessary for the material and moral welfare of the people. But after a brief experience with actual government he has come to a realization that in the period of transition, at least, many of the forms of capitalism must be tolerated. For this reason he has been bitterly assailed as faithless to the socialistic ideal, just as he has been assailed as faithless to pacifism because of his avowal of an intent to try conclusions with the German monarchy as soon as the Soviet republic shall have attained the necessary stability and power. These departures from the received doctrines of socialism and pacifism offer evidence, however, of a mind capable of readjusting itself to practical life. If Lenin lives to a more settled time he will probably come to be regarded by the extremists as a base example of compromise, but as a statesman of no mean ability by those who now most severely condemn him.

THE Detroit Convention of the Poles of America, complained of by liberal Poles as reactionary in purpose and autocratic in method, has come to an end. Its decisions, affecting some three or four million Poles, were made for the most part in secret sessions, and are withheld from the

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public. The correspondent of the New York Evening Post—which with the exception of the Christian Science Monitor was the only paper outside of Detroit to report on the convention—was unable to get a statement of the financial management of Polish affairs, unable to discover the agreement arrived at between Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Roman Dmowski, head of the Paris committee, unable to get important facts that might clear the convention of the charge of steam-roller secrecy and reaction. But it seems to be generally known that the Poles of America are not more likely to be consulted than they have been, and that their affairs—intimately connected with those of America—are to be largely in the hands of a committee whose headquarters are in Paris.

SENATOR BORAH offers an extremely pessimistic forecast of the Presidential election of 1920. Assuming that the war will be over, the Senator predicts that the contest will be between Wilson and Roosevelt and will turn on the personalities of the two men. The Democrats will take their stand on the fact that Wilson won the war; the Republicans, on the fact that Roosevelt made Wilson win it. As to such issues as America's new place in the international scheme, the demobilization of the armies and the war industries, public ownership, labor policy, taxation, both parties will dodge them. This forecast is not altogether unreasonable. The conventional type of party leader likes nothing better than a campaign turning on points of history. For a generation after the Civil War such leaders were making their living out of fighting its battles over at the polls. They would welcome a similar opportunity in the new age. But according to Senator Borah's own premises, the conventional leaders are not to be in command of either of the parties. Whoever the actual candidates are to be, Wilson and Roosevelt are party statesmen first of all and only incidentally party politicians. Both men realize that the future belongs to the party that succeeds in preempting the vital issues that are to command the loyalty of the majority. Either would rather see his party lose in the first skirmish than permit it to be thrust into the position of obstruction that the Democratic party occupied after the Civil War.

IN its congressional programme the Socialist party sets forth that while the principles announced by the party in 1915 are reaffirmed, whatever that may mean, "in all that concerns the settlement of this war the American Socialist party is in general accord with the inter-Allied conference." Those who have regarded the American Socialists as doctrinary pacifists may find it interesting to examine the principles of the inter-Allied conference to which the Socialists now subscribe: Belgium shall be liberated and compensated, Poland shall be "reconstituted in unity and independence with a free access to the sea." Throughout Europe, "from Alsace-Lorraine to the Balkans, those populations that have been annexed by force shall receive the right freely to dispose of themselves." There shall be a League of Nations with full power to settle all disputes, by force, where necessary, and all nations adhering to it must be completely democratized, with the government absolutely responsible to the people, more especially as regards the control of foreign affairs. "The conference condemns the handing back to the systematically cruel domination of the Turkish government any subject people." The conference does not propose to dismember Austria-Hungary, but the claims of the Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs cannot be regarded as questions for internal decision. National independence ought to be granted them if they desire it. The conference proposes to set up a Court of Claims and Accusations under the League for a full judicial investigation of acts of cruelty, oppression and violence in the course of the war. Until all this is achieved the inter-Allied conference, and by its announced adhesion, the American Socialist party are inflexibly resolved to continue the war. The Germans may take notice that this is where the peace-at-any-price idea now stands in the Allied countries.

In Justice to France

AMERICA is fighting for her own interests, her own honor. But that is not the whole rationale of American belligerency, everyone not dyed in the wool a cynic knows very well. The force that aroused America out of her natural mood of peace was sympathy. Sympathy with Belgium, a lesser nation atrociously wronged; sympathy with England, source of the liberties America cherishes; but above all America was moved by sympathy with France, gallantly sustaining month after month, year after year, the tremendous weight of German aggression. To restore France in her right to live in security and to aid her in resuming her old place as the light of civilization, was this not a splendid motive for American effort? And now that our men are fighting side by side with the French we feel more keenly than ever that the rights of France are a vital interest of our own.

Between American good intentions and American performance, however, history has often revealed a wide gap—a consequence of our failure to think all the details of a problem through. We

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intend to assist France in recovering her rights, so far as it lies in our power. What we are thinking of is the expulsion of the Germans from French soil, the recovery of the French lands of Alsace-Lorraine, the breaking of the military power of Germany, which has loomed over the France of the last generation like an overhanging cliff of shattering stone. Are there many among us that think of anything further? The current of public discussion in America does not reveal it, if there are. Yet if we do no more we shall leave France in the condition of a mutilated hero, honored but handicapped. She has borne vastly more than her share in this war. She has given her sons more freely than any other Allied nation, and for this there can be no recompense. But she has also borne disproportionate economic burdens, and there is no law of nature that prohibits the fair redistribution of economic burdens among friends. When the peace is signed, do we contemplate retiring behind our Atlantic dyke, leaving France, with her most energetic sons under the soil of the battlefields, to stagger under the burden of debt and rehabilitation expenses while we in our unimpaired economic vigor compete with her in the markets of the world? The prospect is intolerable if one thinks of it. Our honor is not so thickskinned.

Are the French themselves alive to the risk that by default of a reasonable understanding among the Allies, worked out while the relation of confraternity is still vivid in the minds of the Allied leaders, France may be left handicapped in the period of rehabilitation? Yes: of this we are assured by an eloquent editorial in L'Europe Nouvelle for July 27th, analyzing the present economic condition of France. From the opening of the war to the end of the fourth quarter of 1918, the credits voted have aggregated 144,737,000,000 francs—about twenty-eight billions of dollars. This sum is equal to two-fifths of the pre-war wealth of France. A corresponding burden for America would be not less than one hundred billions. But this is not all. One-tenth of the departments of France, of more than average productiveness, have been occupied by the enemy. They have contributed nothing to the support of the war. On the contrary, the rest of France has been burdened with the care of the hosts of refugees that fled from them before the German advance. The occupied departments will not for many years contribute to the force with which France will sustain her war debt. On the contrary, their rehabilitation will make heavy demands upon the depleted capital of the nation. Let us imagine ourselves burdened with expenditures for the period of the war aggregating one hundred billions, and at the same time responsible for the rehabilitation of the whole of New England, exposed through four years to the unlimited ravages of an enemy who meant to handicap us for all time. The analogy is exact.

Part of the French war expenditure has indeed been provided for by taxation; another considerable part has been met by the specious device of currency inflation. But France already bore a heavy debt when she entered the war. Her aggregate funded and floating debt amounted on January 31, 1913, to 127,000,000,000 francs; at the present date it must exceed 150,000,000,000 francs, or $30,000,000,000. Her interest charges amount to about $1,250,000,000. We make a great to-do about our $8,000,000,000 revenue bill, and derive from its pressure added zeal for putting an end to war, once for all. But eight billions do not rest so crushingly upon American productive power as the single item of the interest charge of a billion and a quarter will rest upon the productive power of France—and that charge, be it remembered, is perpetual.

And while we are casting up accounts we may also consider that over four billions of the French debt has been raised in Allied and neutral countries, half of it in America. We used to import annually from France merchandise worth a hundred million dollars and give her in return an equivalent in goods. When peace is restored France may again send us goods worth one hundred millions. If she sends no more, she will get nothing in return, for the interest she will owe us will absorb the whole value of her goods. Every year, then, the thinned ranks of French manhood, the women and children of France will toil unremittingly to produce the huge mountain of $100,000,000 of merchandise to ship to America as a memento of the time when we fought side by side for the world's liberty.

Such a situation we shall certainly not accept, is the natural American response. We shall do for France what the Bolsheviki did for Russia: we shall enact a measure wiping out the French debt so far as it is owing to us. But this is to oversimplify the case. France is a proud nation; by her merit, the proudest nation in the world. Does she ask alms? And do we mean to offer her alms? France would accept justice. We can offer her what is her right; nothing more. And from the point of view of justice it is not at all a question of the fraction of the French debt that is held by America. That merely makes the situation vivid to us. What justice demands is a definite decision upon the allocation of the whole cost of the war.

Is this war a common enterprise, international in its objects and means, or is it a more or less co-operative venture by which independent nationalisms seek each to realize its own objects—France

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and Italy, the recovery of unredeemed provinces, England, the clearing up of the colonial domain, America, the ultimate validation of the Monroe Doctrine, etc? If the latter is the case, there is no point at all in the discussion of the sharing of costs. Alsace-Lorraine means more to France than the Monroe Doctrine does to America or half her colonies to Britain. The British Empire was more seriously menaced by the German designs than was American hegemony in the Americas. Or say that these value relations were reversed. It would still remain true that if we are to issue from the war into another epoch of unrelated or competing national interests there can be no rule of justice in allocating costs. On such assumptions we must conclude that each of the Allied nations estimated the overthrow of Germany worth all its resources, if necessary. If it applied its resources to the best of its ability, its obligations to its Allies and to itself were properly acquitted.

But if the war is a common enterprise, directed toward the establishment of a new order in which all nations may be freed from the hideous menace of modern war, in which the rehabilitation and continued prosperity of the one will in fact be in the interest of the whole, the case is entirely different. This is the American ruling conception: it is the conception of the best minds in the Allied countries. It is the conception underlying the argument of L'Europe Nouvelle. France, by her unhappy geographical position, was compelled to furnish the field of battle in which two civilizations could try conclusions: the civilization of force, of national aggrandizement, and the civilization of democracy, of cooperative internationalism. By the same reason France was forced first to present her breast to the invader. She had to secure such material resources as came to her hand; she could command only the resources of her own nationals, in default of a formal political internationalism corresponding with the actual internationalism of interests. A loyal partner, confronted by an emergency demanding expenditures for the common good of his group, provides them out of his private means, confidently expecting the group which benefits from his act to relieve him later of all but his share of the burden. France met the emergency, employing her resources without stint. If she was acting for the common good, it is her plain right in the final allocation of financial burdens to be set even with her partners. If there is to be a League of Nations, it cannot withhold justice from France in this matter.

This the editor of L'Europe Nouvelle expresses clearly. "If the League of Nations is not to be an empty phrase, if there is ever to be a substantial and serious economic union, it will find in the distribution of the costs of the field of battle the most definite occasion to establish itself formally." The observation is perfectly just. The vitality of a League of Nations depends on the willingness of each member to make sacrifices for the common good and on the determination of the group to distribute the sacrifices fairly among all its members. France has made the sacrifice for the common good. Is the group ready to relieve her of so much of the burden as exceeds her reasonable share? If not, what use is there in talking about a League to do justice and share burdens on later occasions? What we do now offers a fair index of what we are likely to do in the future.

It is often said that a League of Nations is impracticable because France is hostile to the project. If France were indeed hostile, a League of Nations would be of limited value: so far we agree. Without a powerful member of the League on the European continent, the lesser states of Europe would not dare to give their adherence to it. Without French leadership, the Latin nations, both in Europe and in America would look coldly upon the League. But is France really hostile to the project of a League of Nations? The government of Clemenceau evinces only a remote interest; but the government of Clemenceau is preoccupied with the immediate task of thrusting the Germans out of France. In similar case the government of any other state would be equally preoccupied. But it is not in terms of preoccupation that we can explain such aloofness from the League of Nations movement among French political thinkers. In their theories of human organization they have not stopped short at the national boundaries, like the shallower thinkers across the Rhine. They do not, however, eagerly embrace the idea of a League based upon pious resolutions and unenforceable determinations, which would insure France's involvement in any future war that may arise but would not insure her adequate succor and relief. France has too much at stake. Before she can give her adherence to a League of Nations she must know that the other partners to the League will not fail her in the time of need.

Do we, as a matter of fact, mean to create a serious political institution under the name of a League of Nations? If we do, we shall recognize the necessity of internationalizing the present war. We shall demand, not merely that the war aims of each nation shall be subjected to the test of the common good, but that the costs of the war shall be treated as a common burden; that the work of rehabilitation shall be treated as common enterprise. When we have attained to this view of our international relations we shall not find France lukewarm to the idea of a League. A condition will

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have been established by which her rights are sure of recognition. She will not hesitate to assume the correlative obligation of leadership in the ways of permanent peace.

Farmers and Others

THE farmers of America are enjoying unexampled prosperity. This the average city dweller knows whether he is versed in statistics or not. His bill for provisions offers irrefutable evidence of a rising tide of money setting toward the ultimate producers. Perhaps much of it is drawn off by the middleman before it reaches the farmer, but certainly not all, if the quotations of the produce market are to be relied on. One does not have to be very old to recall the time when the farmers were denounced as agrarian radicals because they demanded a dollar a bushel for wheat. They get at least two now. And compared with the prices of twenty years ago, live stock prices are amazing. If they remain at the present level we shall soon come to worship fat oxen as devoutly as do the Hindoos, and the owner thereof will be at least a Brahman. So the city dweller reflects in the bitterness of making ends meet.

But granting agricultural prosperity that is unprecedented, will life on the farms make a powerful appeal to the men returning from the war, liberated from the routine that kept them to their usual labor in peace time? Or does life on the soil, despite recent improvements in condition, still deny the young man of ability opportunities commensurate with his awakened ambitions? Some light on the probabilities of the case is to be had from the analysis of occupational incomes for 1916. That year was not so favorable to the farmers as 1918, but it was more favorable than the years to follow the war are likely to be.

To be subject to the obligation of making an income tax return in 1916 a man had to have a net income of $3,000. This minimum was fixed for political reasons, but it had a basis of common sense to recommend it. Men who had not attained it might be well enough fed and comfortably clad and housed. But they had not arrived at the station of economic ease. They were not, in the materialistic sense, successes. Their lot was not one that inspired emulation, that appealed irresistibly to ambitious youth at the point of choosing a calling.

Tested by this crude standard of well-being, income sufficient to appear in the tax returns, what was the state of farming in 1916? How did it compare with other occupations? Out of the six million farmers, stock-raisers and orchardists, 14,407 emerged into the income tax lists of 1916. That number included the great cattlemen and sheepmen of the Rocky Mountain states, the owners of fabulously rich citrus and deciduous fruit ranches in California, the owners of great sugar and cotton plantations in the South, the retired business men trying to dissipate their fortunes on gentlemen's country estates. This figure of 14,407, unlike most statistical items, is easy to visualize. One who has travelled about the United States a bit feels that he has met most of those income tax paying " farmers, orchardists and stock-raisers." Also, he feels that their good fortune has very little relation to the lot of the real farmer. But we will let that pass. One in every four hundred so-called farmers enjoys an income raising him to the dignity of making a tax return under the old law.

Of the other respectable occupations into which farmers' sons are likely to drift, what one is most underpaid? Teaching, of course. One teacher out of two hundred paid income tax. One clergyman out of eighty proves that we have overestimated the poverty of the profession of holiness. One travelling salesman out of twenty-two talks his way to tax-paying prosperity; one member of the medical profession (padded by the inclusion of nurses) and one military man out of every fourteen make income tax returns; one engineer out of nine; nearly one lawyer out of five; rather more than one banker or broker out of five. A lawyer, a banker or a broker had in 1916 eighty times the farmer's risk of being caught by the income tax.

Not only did the farmer enjoy eighty times the chance of lawyer, banker or broker to escape the income tax altogether; if caught, the chances were that he was caught with a much smaller purse. Of the 14,407 farmers filing returns 5984, or 44 per cent, had incomes under $5,000. Of the lawyers and judges only 34 per cent returned incomes under $5,000; of the bankers, only 20 per cent. And if we were to raise the figures of comparison we should find the disparity between agricultural fortunes and those of other occupations still further emphasized.

But farming, it may be said, is not a profession like law or medicine, requiring a serious training; it is not a business like banking or brokerage, requiring a considerable capital. Here we have to deal with typical urban illusions. Farming may be anything from the moon governed technique of the poor white trash, from the primitive hoe culture of the Mississippi negro, to a highly scientific, well capitalized business enterprise. Among the six million farmers there are hundreds of thousands with a technical training comparing favorably with that by which a civil engineer, a doctor of medicine or a lawyer makes his living. There

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are hundreds of thousands with a capital that would carry a merchant or a banker into the income tax lists. Because of the mixture of mediaevalism and modernism in agricultural technique we should naturally expect the percentage of income taxpayers to be less than in professions of standardized technique like medicine and banking. But we should certainly expect the percentage of farmers with incomes of three thousand and upward to be greater than one-quarter of one per cent, unless economic institutions were actually working against the farmer. And unless the condition is one that we can correct, what reason have we for imagining that the proportion of capable and well-trained men engaged in agriculture will increase? Rather, we must expect that in the restless movements of population that will attend world reconstruction, agriculture will suffer from an accelerated draining away of ambition and ability.

But after all, is this conclusion not derived from too materialistic premises? "Success," in the sense of the acquisition of an easy income, is difficult to attain in agriculture. Is "success," however, worth striving for when without it one may enjoy plenty, security, independence? Is inclusion in the income tax lists an essential to happiness? These are issues we should have to deal with at length if we were offering a Vergilian dissertation on rural life. We are concerned, however, only with the immediate problem of the prospective distribution of ability among the essential occupations of the country. Agriculture is indisputably the most essential, and the more we understand it the greater the emphasis we are bound to lay upon its need of trained ability. And in the imperfect world that we know, prospects of success in the vulgar sense of the term weigh heavily in determining the choice of occupation. Do the statistics exhibit adequate prospects in agriculture? No.

Labor in 1918

THE state legislatures have turned out fewer labor laws this year than usual. Virginia has enacted a workmen's compensation law, with the result that today forty-one states and territories have passed such legislation, not to speak of the excellent law of the Federal government providing for a million civilian employees, or of the vastly important and ambitious government insurance for American soldiers and sailors. Laws protecting the labor of women and children have been adopted by a number of legislatures, nine states have enacted compulsory work laws, a number of states have adopted laws against sabotage, and provision has been made by Massachusetts, following the lead of Congress, for the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers and sailors. In sum the result is small and not entirely good. Especially the compulsory work and sabotage laws are likely to create friction in the years after the war, unless interpreted by the courts in a sense friendly to the right of labor to organize. One reason why there have been few laws is that few state legislatures have been in session, and legislators and the public generally have been engrossed by the war. What was accomplished was largely the result of the momentum acquired during past years of agitation, as also of the imitative spirit which encourages one state to re-enact often without change the legislation of neighboring states.

Legislation, however, is only part of labor progress. The advantage of laws is that they set a standard, drive in a peg, establish a minimum of conditions, below which it is difficult again to depress labor. But the actual enactment of labor legislation during any one year is no criterion of what has been accomplished. Much depends upon the wisdom and honesty with which the laws are administered, and in this respect, parenthetically, a very great advance has been made during the last ten years. Even more depends upon the actual change in the balance of power within the factory, upon the altered attitude of other social classes towards workmen, upon the increased or decreased political influence of labor. In all these respects labor has made enormous advances during the present year. No one reading the labor legislation of 1918 would deduce from this scanty and slender record the real fact that an almost revolutionary change has taken place in the position of labor within the community.

The motive power for this great change has been furnished by an actual and increasing scarcity of labor. We are all familiar with the basic facts of the situation. The labor supply has been depleted by the shutting off of immigration and by the enlistment of wage-earners in the army and navy, while simultaneously the demand for labor has immensely increased. In order both to run the war and provision our Allies and to feed, clothe and house our own civilian population we were obliged to seek labor wherever it could be found. Large numbers of unemployed and half-employed men, many of them upon the verge of unemployability, were drafted into the industrial army, and women, formerly without gainful occupations, were employed at innumerable tasks. Negro laborers from the South were brought to the great industrial establishments of the North. But all these devices and plans merely mitigated and did not solve the difficulty. There were, and still are, more jobs than men to fill them and many more skilled jobs

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than there were skilled men available. For once the wage-earner was in a position where many employers competed for his services.

There followed an "enticement" of labor. "Enticement" is an old word with a savor of the unlawful and the suspicion of disloyalty to the employing class. No employer considers it just or fair that his needed work-people be lured from him by the demoralizing and costly expedient of offering higher wages. Yet labor must be obtained and employers who object to enticement are themselves compelled to offer higher wages to recruit their own force. As a result wages rise rapidly and unequally; abnormal labor shortages are created in certain districts and certain industries, and labor is courted. If your entire business can be ruined by your laborers suddenly leaving, either in a group or individually, or by your pivotal men throwing up their positions, you are likely to make concessions to keep them contented.

What applies to the individual employer, animated for the most part by the desire to make a reasonable profit, applies with greater force to the nation as a whole. To win the war labor must be effective. We shall be hampered in this struggle not only by sporadic strikes but at least equally by mal-adjustment of the labor supply, by any labor deficiency in essential industries, by an excessive turnover of labor or by a restriction of output. It is not fair to quarrel with the individual workman who throws up his position for a better paid job in a neighboring factory, city or state; and it is inevitable that without government regulation, which in itself is excessively difficult, the enticing of laborers and the boosting of wages will go on. The result is a vast increase in the power of the individual wage-earner and in that of the working class as a whole.

Moreover, the wage-earners, organized into trade unions, are winning their place not only in the factory but in the councils of the nation. No important measure vitally affecting labor is now taken without consultation with the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, and on the most important government boards the wage-earners are represented. The War Labor Board has made a number of decisions re-inforcing the strategic position that labor now holds. Month by month, as the stringency increases, the influence of labor becomes greater.

The unions themselves are in the meanwhile not inactive in the work of organization. The favorable period is being utilized in strengthening internal cohesion as well as in increasing wages, reducing hours of labor and improving working conditions. It is clearly recognized by union leaders that the favorable situation, created by a scarcity of labor, is bound to pass, and that in the coming years a violent reaction will occur. Employers have long been talking of the "inflated" and "abnormal" wages of the present and are prophesying that they will be scaled down, asserting that they must be so reduced if America is to compete industrially with European countries. The union leaders recognize that the present truce will not long survive the war. They are looking forward to no enduring peace between capital and labor, to no permanent settlement of wage-questions by a compulsory arbitration. To meet the coming contest they must solidify their gains, must strengthen their organizations, fill their war chests, and accustom their members to a scale of wages and working conditions for which they will be willing to fight in the years to come.

Such in outline has been the general attitude of organized labor in the present brief period of labor scarcity. To attain their clearly perceived purposes, high wages, reduced hours, recognition of the union, political influence of the union, they have sacrificed many things. They have accepted a narrowly individualistic philosophy, an unthinking attitude towards the great problems of reconstruction after the war, a policy of indifference or even hostility to the British labor programme looking to internationalism, a relative apathy towards progress in labor legislation. Immediate gains, such as wages, recognition, influence and power, have been striven for to the neglect of those larger and more distant goals which British labor seeks to attain. Whether this narrower policy is wise or unwise is a question which will not be finally settled until the great crisis comes after the war, when the scarcity of labor will have passed and the trade unions will be put to the test.

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An Adjournment of Common Sense

THE fall campaign in several mid-western states promises to be enlivened by a contest between the advocates and opponents of the National Nonpartisan League—the farmer's organization, which started as a protest against existing economic and political conditions in North Dakota in 1915, and has now spread to half a dozen or more neighboring states. The League's first victory in North Dakota was repeated with even more sweeping results at the state primaries this summer, where, after two years in power, practically all the organization's candidates were again nominated. In Minnesota, where the League is in its infancy, having only 50,000 members, its candidate for governor, although defeated, polled over 150,000 votes and a majority of the men whom it endorsed for the legislature were nominated. In South Dakota, Idaho and Montana the League will make aggressive campaigns this fall, while in Washington, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin and other states, where no great efforts at organization have yet been made, its strength has quietly grown to proportions sufficient to make the professional politicians take notice.

The thing which most impresses the by-stander, wherever the League has gained sufficient strength to threaten the established political and business order, has been the fatuous character of the opposition. Instead of seeking the causes of such a movement; instead of giving ear to the grievances of the farmers, whether real or fancied, that called the League into being; instead of recognizing the farmers' right to organize and encouraging their activities along right lines; instead of meeting the League's arguments with logic and reason, its opponents, in every state where it has appeared, have tried to crush it with threats and violence or by wholly illegal means, or else have sought to prejudice the public against it with falsehood and misrepresentation. Old politicians, despite a reputation for shrewdness and a keen knowledge of human nature, are apparently stampeded with fright when facing the possibility of farmer organization; they throw discretion to the winds and use tactics that enable the League's followers to capitalize the asset of martyrdom. The League has made mistakes, as was perfectly natural, and as its leaders, who are surprisingly frank in their statements and attitudes, are free to admit—but they have not been the mistakes of misunderstanding rural psychology. In these respects they have made the old line politicians look like novices at the political game.

In North Dakota the farmers for years suffered from political and economic injustices that are now generally conceded. Year after year both the old political parties appealed for the farmers' votes with promises of correction, and with the same regularity forgot them as soon as the election was over. When the farmer descended en masse on the legislature, to demand laws that would free them from the grasp of the transcontinental railroad systems and the Minneapolis milling interests, they were told to "go home and slop the hogs." The natural result was that they took enough time off from "slopping the hogs" to organize, realizing that in that way alone could they make the politicians recognize their rights. During the campaign which ensued everything was done by adherents of the old order that could insure the spread and triumph of the new order. The League organizers were arrested on one pretext or another and usually released later; they were forbidden to hold meetings in certain places, with the result that they held them elsewhere; boycotts were started by merchants against them, with the usual result that the boycott proved a two-edged sword; banks refused to cash checks of depositors for dues paid to League organizers, which also proved a boomerang; local newspapers denied the farmers a fair hearing, whereupon the farmers stopped their subscriptions and started papers of their own. Every township in North Dakota was divided into two warring camps; every town had its League merchants and its anti-League merchants, and the friends of the one refused to trade with the other. The lines were strictly drawn in all business and social relations and no diplomat was skillful enough to play between the lines. The cry of both sides was "He who is not for us is against us." As 89 per cent of North Dakota's population is rural in character (i. e. on farms or in towns of less than 2,500 population), there could be but one result of such foolish political methods. The Nonpartisan League swept the state and for the first time the state capitol was moved from the Ryan Hotel in St. Paul, for years the political headquarters of the Twin City railroad and milling interests, to Bismarck, North Dakota. The League was fortunate in its selection of officers. Men like Governor Frazier, the modern Cincinnatus, who was literally called from the plow to accept the nomination for the governorship, and State Auditor Kositzky, a thoroughly Americanized Russian, have made good and given the state a remarkably efficient business administration. The

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result has been that today such opposition to the League as exists in North Dakota is insufficient to have any considerable influence and the League organization will control all departments of the state government and its congressional delegation after the November election.

The spectacular triumph of the League in North Dakota insured its spread beyond the boundaries of that State into Minnesota. But the old line politicians, who for years had represented the commercial interests of Minneapolis and St. Paul, had learned nothing from their North Dakota experience. They saw red as they contemplated the danger of a similar condition in Minnesota and they continued to fight with the old weapons. The war having come on in the meantime, the charge of disloyalty proved the most convenient and temporarily effective argument to use against the League. Officers were arrested for alleged seditious utterances, only, for the most part, to be acquitted or else to have their conviction reversed by the Minnesota Supreme Court, which stated, in its recent opinion in the case against the League's president, A. C. Townley, that its decision must be rendered on the facts and not on the inferences of prosecuting attorneys, and called attention to the fact that the utterances complained of had never attracted the attention of Federal authorities, although made a year previous.

Meetings of the League were forbidden by town and county authorities, whereupon the farmers cranked their " flivvers " and drove to one of their farms, or into another county, or, in some cases, across the state line, held their meetings and then paraded in triumph and defiance before the local authorities. Organizers were tarred and feathered and warned out of counties—which had the only result that could possibly be anticipated of uniting the farmers more strongly than ever behind the League. In one county the farmers had failed to respond to the League organizer's appeals with customary alacrity, until a tar and feather party was organized and he was notified to adjourn the League in that county, sine die. Thereupon the farmers wrote to the League headquarters in St. Paul, saying that they were now ready to join; new organizers were sent into the county, which was quietly but thoroughly organized. Failing to secure any action from the county attorney against the mob which had expelled the League organizer, the farmers notified the organization headquarters that if they would send a lawyer friendly to the League to locate there they would elect him county attorney. The last day before it was necessary to establish residence in the county, prior to the primaries, the League sent a young lawyer there from the Twin Cities and he was easily nominated for the office the following month. If elected in November, as seems likely, there will probably be an exodus from that particular county of old time politicians. Although the League did not nominate its candidate for governor it polled 150,000 votes, which its opponents admit is ten times what they would have dreamed possible a year ago, and will certainly hold the balance of power between the radicals and liberals of the two old parties in the legislature, with the chance of having a working majority in the lower house. There is talk of running an independent candidate for governor, and if a man like John Lind can be induced to make the race the result will be very much in doubt, to say the least.

In Nebraska the opposition has blindly followed the same methods with the same results. The State Council of Defense ordered the League to cease organizing or holding meetings. The League promptly brought suit against the enforcement of the order. Regardless of the legal merits of the suit, it resulted in a manner thoroughly satisfactory to the League. The weakness of the opposition was shown during the trial, witnesses against the League becoming so confused in an attempt to make a case against the organization that under the grilling of the League's attorneys one wealthy and influential member of the State Council of Defense was compelled to correct his testimony so as to read that he had three children, instead of two, as he had previously testified. At the close of the evidence the State Council of Defense withdrew its opposition to the League in Nebraska and the case was dismissed.

Up to date Iowa has refused to learn anything from North Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska. In Iowa the campaign against the League is being sponsored by the Greater Iowa Association—an organization largely comprised of and wholly dominated by the state's leading commercial interests. The Greater Iowa Association is completely distrusted by the mass of the farmers, whose policies on highway and other legislation it has frequently opposed, and its opposition to the League is about as quieting to the farmers as a red rag to one of their thoroughbred bulls. The State Council of Defense, which has no legal status but is purely advisory to the Governor, is largely made up of men who, by training and environment, would not be especially friendly to any farmer's movement, including in its membership the president and other officials of the Greater Iowa Association, prominent manufacturers, professional men and capitalists. The only representatives of agriculture are one or two men who have acquired sufficiently large means in commercial pursuits to make agriculture more of a

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hobby than a business, and the publisher of the agricultural paper with the largest circulation among Iowa farmers, who is friendly to the League. The State Council of Defense requested the League to cease organizing until after the war and at the same time requested the Greater Iowa Association to desist in its attacks upon the League. The latter ignored the request, while the former indicated its willingness to discuss the matter with the officials of the Council of Defense at a public meeting. This offer the Council refused to accept and there the matter stands. Meanwhile local authorities and individuals without any authority have begun to take the matter in their own hands and to follow the mistakes of the opposition in other states. Organizers have been warned to stay out of certain counties; members have been kidnapped at night and after being driven considerable distances to neighboring cities have been compelled, under threats and duress, to sign pledges to withdraw from the organization. In fact it looks as though the organized business and political interests of Iowa would have to learn the same expensive lesson that North Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska have bought and paid for—the lesson which they should have learned from the opposition to and the growth of trade unionism.

To oppose such movements is merely to attempt concealment of the symptoms, while refusing to treat the disease. The farmers of Iowa are the most conservative, independent and loyal, as well as prosperous body of citizens in the state. Their recent votes on women's suffrage and prohibition, both of which were defeated, are evidence of their ultra-conservatism. They have never followed after strange political and economic gods. Populism, greenbackism, freesilverism and socialism have, for the most part, failed to touch them. Their unquestioned patriotism has been proven in a most liberal response to every war appeal—from generous contributions to all war campaigns to voluntary enlistments. They can be safely trusted to deal with any organization that comes among them seeking their support. If it is not founded on right principles of loyalty and sound economics they will either not support it or else they will capture it and see that it is made right. It would seem as though if ever there was need for a hands-off policy, it was in their relations to the Nonpartisan League. As Governor Harding, with characteristic political shrewdness, has said, "If the League is disloyal we could not ask a better thing than to have it organized in Iowa, where we can put our hands on it and watch it, for it is not organized but secret disloyalty that bothers us; on the other hand, if it is loyal its supporters have the same right to organize as any other class." But unless something happens to bring the opposition to its senses, the same madness that has characterized the opposition in other states and led it to its own destruction will prevail in conservative Iowa, largely as a result of war hysteria. Its consequences to future state and national campaigns are causing much fear and trembling in the seats of the political mighty. It looks as though there had been an adjournment of common sense in parts of the Central West, instead of an adjournment of politics.

A. P. H.

The Father of Russian Social-Democracy

TWO parties stood at the cradle of capitalism in Russia, anxiously watching the movements of the new born creature. One party looked disdainful and disgusted, declaring the newcomer to be a child of bureaucracy and oppression, predicting its decay and disappearance in the near future. The other party was thrilled with glorious expectations, seeing in the infant a legitimate child of the most natural social evolution, and presaging its giant growth and ultimate conquest of the earth, for a time at least. One party was the Narodniki, the other the Marxists.

Both were socialists, both were revolutionaries, both were opposed to capitalism, both dreamed of social justice. But, whereas the Narodniki saw the nucleus of a socialist order in the existing Russian village community, which, in their opinion, was only distorted by invading capitalist institutions; whereas the Narodniki considered the large manufacturing establishments, the banks and railroads, a foreign growth transplanted into Russia by an autocratic government for the sake of revenue, the Marxists saw in the village community a remnant of the feudal system and of natural economy, destined to undergo a process of differentiation under the hot breath of industrial capitalism, and the future of Russia lay for them in the movement of industrial labor. The Narodniki, slightly tinged in Slavophile colors, believed Russia to be fundamentally *different* from the western countries; the Marxists believed in the levelling influences of the "melting pot" of modern industrial evolution.

The Narodniki were backed by the traditions of social thought in Russia ever since the middle of the 19th century, by the authority of celebrated thinkers of a past generation, like Herzen and Chernyshevski, and by a sentimental appeal to the imagination; the Marxists were armed with the scalpel of economic and social analysis, and backed by logic and the ardor of converts. The controversy between the Narodniki and the Marxists was

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the most fascinating and fruitful intellectual combat in Russia in the last two decades of the 19th century. The creator of the school of Marxists, the leader and teacher of two generations of fighters for freedom in Russia, was Gëorgy Valentinovitch Plekhanov, who died a short time ago.

When he first framed the doctrine of the new school, in 1883, he had the experience of seven or eight years' revolutionary work in the Narodniki camp. He was one of many thousand intelligent youths who, in the seventies, had left their schools and the comfortable homes of their parents to go and live among the "people" as day-laborers or artisans, so as to be "close to the soil," to purify body and mind in communion with the "people's" labor and "people's" ideals, and to help the peasants find their communistic self. The movement had been a harrowing disappointment. The peasants, supposedly born socialists, did not understand their fanciful guests. The village, presumably harboring the fundamentals of an ideal economic system, was deaf to the most elemental propaganda. The young agitators hit against an insurmountable wall. Most of them were arrested. A minority went back to the cities to start a terrorist movement against autocratic officials. Some tried to conduct a propaganda among the urban industrial workers. After the assassination of Alexander II, early in 1881, the whole movement, once full of stirring hopes, lay prostrate, with no plan and no prospect.

What had to be done? The vast sea of Russian peasantry, black and heavy, offered no consolation. The urban population was intimidated and disheartened. The armored fist of Alexander III was pounding the country into horror. The intellectual groups were sinking into gloomy brooding. There seemed to be no indication of a way out. It was at that time that Plekhanov, a young man of twenty-six, stepped forward and declared with the vigor of scientific conviction, "The movement for freedom in Russia will triumph as a labor movement, or it will not triumph at all."

Gëorgy Plekhanov thus marks the turning point between two epochs in the recent history of Russia. It required the intellectual courage of a genius to declare venerated theoretical conceptions and sanctified revolutionary movements erroneous and of no value. Plekhanov possessed both the courage and the great knowledge, as well as the spirit, of an indefatigable fighter in the service of an idea, necessary to face a hostile world and to pave a way of new thought and new social movements.

He was born in 1857, in the family of an aristocratic landlord. He graduated from a military school and entered the Institute of Mining Engineers, where he was swept away by the revolutionary movement. On December 6, 1876, he was the leader of the first open-air revolutionary demonstration in Petrograd, in front of the Kazanski Cathedral. Young Plekhanov was the first man in Russia to address a revolutionary gathering under the red flag. After this, however, he was compelled to lead an "illegal" existence. He travelled in various parts of Russia in the employ of the revolution. He came into contact with various classes of people, and he soon discovered that the city workingmen were more alert, more susceptible to revolutionary propaganda and more capable of organization than the peasants. A wave of strikes in the industrial districts, in 1878 and 1879, confirmed him in this conviction. In 1880 he fled abroad, where he dug into books with the insatiable hunger of a man of gigantic intellectual powers. In 1883 he published his pamphlet, Socialism and Political Struggle, in which he first formulated his new doctrine. In 1884 he published his great book, Our Controversies.

When you read it now you have a strange feeling. It seems to have been created out of nothing. The statistical data at his disposal were utterly insufficient. The observations permitted a variety of interpretations. The tendencies he built upon were hardly marked. Yet the framework of his book is sound and solid. Our Controversies correctly foresaw the trend of social development in Russia. It laid the foundations of a new literature of economic and social research. It showed the Russian Intelligentsia a new way of revolutionary activities and revolutionary aspirations.

In this work, as well as in all others, Plekhanov employed the method of the economic interpretation of history, of which he was the most erudite and most brilliant representative of the last few decades.

Nor did he confine himself to theoretical work alone. Ever since 1885, when he founded the first labor circle in the capital, he was active in all the Social-Democratic labor organizations and groups that sprang up in Russia and abroad, in all the Social-Democratic conventions and conferences, in all controversies and discussions. With equal ardor and brilliancy he fought his opponents within the Socialist ranks and the opponents of the working class in theoretical and practical fields, and very soon he became recognized by friend and foe as the teacher of men. He himself never drew a sharp line between the realm of theory and the realm of practice; both were an arena in which to fight the battles of Truth.

Truth in his opinion was the Marxian doctrine, the Marxian method, and all the conclusions that can be reached by their cautious and thoughtful application. Led by this theoretical compass he

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fearlessly approached the most entangled sociological problems, and supported by an overwhelming amount of knowledge and an acute analytical mind, he, in the most cases, discovered sound, practical solutions. In spite of the fact that many of his books were under ban in Russia and others had to appear under assumed names, he gained a master's position in the first ranks of Russian thought, and his authority was rarely disputed. Ten years after the appearance of Our Controversies, his intellectual followers in Russia were legion.

In 1896 he published, under the name of Beltov, a volume entitled Development of a Monistic Conception of History, one of the few books that attempt to give a systematic exposition of economic determinism. Under another assumed name he published, in the nineties, a volume on the economic development of Russia. In 1905 a large volume of essays made its "legal" appearance, containing, among others, a series of articles on Russian literature and Russian critics. The articles were an analysis of the types portrayed by Russian writers, and their intention was to show social progress as reflected in realistic works of fiction. In 1906 a volume, Criticizing Our Critics, called to account Peter Struve, Bernstein, Mach, Avenarius, the Neo-Kantians and other opponents of philosophic materialism, of which Plekhanov-Beltov was the staunchest defender. In 1908 he published a book on Ibsen. In 1910 his monumental work on Chernyshevski made a valuable contribution to the history of Russian economic thought. In 1914 he started a History of Russian Social Thought, of which the first two volumes appeared in 1914 and 1915. In the meantime he was publishing numerous pamphlets on the political questions of the day, writing magazine articles on philosophy, art, religion, literature, anarchism, socialism, syndicalism, social and economic history, and editing his personal Diary of a Social-Democrat, which appeared at irregular intervals. In his writings, as well as in his speeches, he was always alive, sparkling with humor, never tired of quoting facts and authorities, of whom he knew many, intimately, in all modern languages; always ready to crack a pointed joke, to illustrate his thought by a classic sonnet, a passage from Cicero, Thomas Aquinas, Shakespeare, a few lines from Goethe, a couplet from the most modern French ragtime, or a story from ancient Russian chronicles. His mind was inexhaustible in arguments against an opponent, his satire annihilating. Equipped with the most powerful dogma, he hated dogmatism. Convinced in the infallibility of his method, he never created a fetish, not even of the workingmen or of the class-struggle or of the revolution. This is why he bitterly opposed the Bolsheviki, and this is why he often was accused by them of "revisionism" and "opportunism."

The line of cleavage between him and the Bolsheviki was his estimate of the power of the working-class. His Marxian analysis told him that "existence is not determined by consciousness, but consciousness is determined by existence." He therefore refused to believe in revolutionary miracles. The way of Russia, he thought, was a slow and painful development of progressive forces, foremost of which were the working-class, who, for the sake of democracy, had to enter into working agreements with other democratic parties, though these represented the bourgeoisie. "Our Bolsheviki believe we have already reached that stage of revolutionary consciousness which is still ahead of us and which we shall reach only as a result of our political experience some time in the future," he wrote in 1907. The same characteristic held true in 1917.

When the war broke out he declared himself whole-heartedly pro-Entente. His attitude was dictated by a Marxian analysis of the situation. All modern capitalist countries, he wrote, are imperialistic, yet not all countries are equally aggressive. "The English imperialism differs widely from the German. The English provinces enjoy a larger amount of political and economic freedom than the provinces where 'kultur' is being introduced by the 'mailed fist.' It is, therefore, obvious that German imperialism is the greatest menace to the peace of Europe." (Sovremenny Mir, August, 1915). Hence it followed that the proletariat of all the countries, including that of Germany, had to unite in war against German imperialism. "If you want a good peace, wage a good war till the mailed fist of the German invader drops in impotence," he wrote in one of his appeals to the workmen.

After the revolution of March, 1917, he returned to Petrograd, having been an exile for thirty-seven years. He had left the city an unknown youth, he returned with an international reputation. The "father of Russian Social-Democracy" was given an enthusiastic reception. Yet sadness was lurking in the background. The Bolsheviki were already conducting their propaganda. Plekhanov's social method, all the experiences of his turbulent life, all his knowledge of history, revolted against the idea of an immediate transition from absolutism to socialism. With all his vigor and his biting sarcasm, he threw himself into the struggle against Bolshevism. A painful experience was in store for him. He put up his candidacy for the Executive Committee of the Workmen's Council (Soviet) and was defeated. Russian labor did not want his knowledge and his guidance. He was too brave to swim with the current. He had

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refused to do so in 1883. Could he have changed in 1917?

Then came the November revolution, the advent of the Bolsheviki, and the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Plekhanov's house was searched by armed workingmen. His papers were scrutinized by representatives of the proletariat, in whose service he had spent forty years. Later he went to Finland, where he was maltreated by the White Guards. He died an exile from his revolutionary fatherland.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

Responsible Government in India

[Since this article was written the British "government has refused a day before the adjournment for the discussion of the Indian Reform Scheme." "The inference is irresistible," says the London Nation, "that discussion is delayed because there is opposition within the government."—THE EDITORS.]

GOVERNMENT by consent of the governed, popular or representative or parliamentary government—none of these phrases conveys the essence and the purport of democratic institutions so adequately as *responsible government*. Duties rather than rights, service rather than privilege, are the gifts which a democracy offers to its citizens; whether in civil or in international relations the democratic creed rests at bottom on the spiritual principle that all men are *responsible* for the welfare of their fellows. In its technical sense, moreover, responsible government denotes that particular constitutional practice which history has proved again and again to be inseparable from any real system of self-government. A people may enjoy the most complete representative institutions—as the German people does today with a Reichstag elected by ballot and with universal manhood suffrage—and yet remain unfree unless it can control not only the making of its laws but also their administration. Rightly therefore did President Wilson claim in his Fourth of July oration that the secession of the American colonies from Great Britain was a step in the liberation of the British people. For to the failure of George III's American policy were primarily due the breakdown of his attempt at personal rule and the final reassertion of the principle that British ministers are responsible to the people through Parliament. More than that, it was the memory of the American Revolution which inspired and sharpened Lord Durham's arguments for the introduction of responsible government in the surviving British colonies—the crucial step which our fathers took with hesitation and misgiving but which alone has made possible the growth of a world-wide commonwealth more harmonious and united than they had ever dreamed of. And the lesson is still remembered. By an interesting coincidence, on the very day on which President Wilson was speaking at Mount Vernon a document was laid on the table in the British Houses of Parliament recommending in the name of the two heads of the Government of India—the Secretary of State and the Viceroy—the measures which should be taken to carry into effect the pledge given by the British Government on August 20th, 1917, to take substantial steps as soon as possible towards the progressive establishment of responsible government in India.

It may be that the Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms signed by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford will mark a turning-point in history no less decisive than Lord Durham's Report on the Affairs of the British North American Colonies. The distinction between the two cases is obvious enough. Lord Durham asked that responsible government should be extended to the young Canadian colonies whose population, still relatively small, was of European stock, had experienced the working of representative institutions for nearly half a century, and as regards the British majority, at any rate, possessed the fundamental requisite of democratic government—an educated and politically minded electorate. Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, obedient to the pronouncement of August 20th, are recommending the means by which responsible government may be introduced into a sub-continent peopled by a medley of Asiatic races, numbering over 315 millions, who in all their long history knew nothing of democracy till they learned of that product of the alien West from English books (1), who had no experience of its working until in very recent years representative institutions were set up in a tentative and limited form, and of whom over 70 per cent are simple peasantry, wholly unconcerned with politics, and of whom only 6 per cent can read or write. The proposals of 1839 seemed bold enough; but these proposals of 1918 are immeasurably bolder. And if they are adopted it will prove not only that Englishmen are whole-heartedly convinced of the wisdom of Durham's "Liberal Imperialism" and the truth of his belief in a British Empire whose unity is rooted in freedom, but also that they possess in full measure the courage of their convictions.

It will be courage, not fear. There is impa-

[1] The village *panchayats* are self-governing institutions, but they are based on caste-privilege and not in a real sense democratic.

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tience and unrest, it is true, among Indian politicians, and the extreme Nationalists are conducting a vigorous Home Rule campaign. But the loyalty of India as a whole has been proved to the hilt by the great forces she has raised and is still raising to fight on the Allies' battlefields, by her generous contributions to the cost of the war, and by her energetic and increasing production of war material. And even if it were otherwise and even in the middle of the war, British power would still be stronger in India now than it has ever been. A Prussian government, standing in our shoes, would find it an easy task to stamp out agitation, to silence the seditious, and to cow the unarmed, undisciplined crowd with machine-gun, tank and aeroplane.

If, moreover, the proposals in the report had sprung from a sense of weakness, they would presumably have been fashioned to satisfy the demands of the Indian Nationalists, whereas its authors deliberately discard the authorized Nationalist programme. This programme was embodied in the scheme adopted last December by the Indian National Congress and the All-India Moslem League. Its primary object was to carry to its logical conclusion the policy initiated by Lord Morley as Secretary of State and Lord Minto as Viceroy in 1909. It will be remembered that the Morley-Minto reforms introduced the elective principle, on a narrow, indirect and somewhat artificial basis, into the constitution of the legislative councils; and while the majority of official members was reduced in the Supreme Legislative Council—which deals with the common concerns of all British India—in the legislative councils of the provinces, the official members were placed in a minority. The members of the Executive, both central and provincial, were to be nominated by and responsible to the Secretary of State as before. A constitutional position was thus created in the provinces which tended to reproduce the systems at work in British North America before Lord Durham's mission—a system under which the representatives of the people controlled the legislative assembly but could not control the administration, which was responsible not to it but to the Colonial Secretary in London; a system which provoked such friction in Upper and Lower Canada that it led to the armed rebellions of 1837 and 1838. The condemnation of this system may be read in the Durham report; it may be read in Professor Lawrence Lowell's account of the constitutional experience of Jamaica and Malta; it may be read again in Mr. Montagu's and Lord Chelmsford's temperate record of the working of the Morley-Minto councils (1). Yet it is precisely this system which the Congress-League scheme sets out to strengthen and extend. It proposes that all the legislative councils, four-fifths of which would be elected, shall be enabled in future to force their will on the administrations not by creating these administrations from their own representatives, responsible only to themselves, but by controlling the budgets laid before them by executives nominated as at present and responsible only to the Secretary of State, and by passing resolutions which shall be binding on those executives unless vetoed by the Governor in Council and shall bind them despite the veto if passed again within a year. In other words, governments responsible to the Secretary of State and ultimately to the electorate of the United Kingdom are to be obliged to obey the majority resolutions of legislatures responsible to electorates in India.

The scheme is obviously unworkable. No administrators, however sympathetic and conciliatory, can serve two masters: a conflict between their mandates would sooner or later be inevitable and it would at once produce a deadlock from which the scheme provides no method of escape. But the report does not reject the scheme on that practical ground alone. It rejects it also because it is "the negation of responsible government," because it neither gives the thing itself nor even affords a training for its use.

> "It has been put to us that though the system is not an ideal one, it may serve as well as any other for the transitional stage, before the introduction of a complete system of responsible government. We cannot subscribe to this view. Because the system is one of negative power without responsibility, it affords the worst possible education for responsible government. That it would not train political leaders in the practical experience of administration is a sufficiently grave defect. But what is far more serious is that the scheme makes no provision for an even greater need, the training of the people in the exercise of electoral responsibility. So long as the council has no direct responsibility for executing the policy which it advises, the faculty of judging and choosing between different leaders cannot be called into play. The only result must be such increasing bitterness between a powerless and yet irremovable executive, and the assembly, that when the change did come—and it would come with a crash—it would be made in the most unfavorable circumstances."[1]

It is clear from this quotation what manner of system it is which the authors of the report desire. It is one which will train both Indian politicians and the Indian people in the exercise of real responsibility; and they hold—and all history supports them—that such training can only be obtained by experience, that men can only learn responsibility by being responsible. The cardinal point of their policy, therefore, lies not in the field

[1] See also Mr. Lionel Curtis's criticism in Letters to the People of India on Responsible Government. (Macmillan.)

[1] Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms, par. 175.

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of the central government of India—though there they propose to increase the Indian element in the executive, to make the legislature bicameral, and to lessen the control hitherto exercised from Westminister and Whitehall; or in the field of purely local government where they propose that complete popular control should be established. These and many other of the recommendations are of great importance, but more important still, as public opinion in this country has been quick to realize, are the proposals relating to the constitutions of the provinces. For it is in this field that the great experiment of responsible government in real politics as distinguished from purely local or municipal affairs is to be tried. Three complementary measures are recommended: (1) the devolution to the provincial governments of as much independence in legislation, administration and finance as is compatible with the central government's discharge of its own duties; (2) the direct election of a substantial majority of the provincial legislative councils on as broad a franchise as possible; (3) the division of the field of provincial government into "reserved" and "transferred" subjects—the former to be dealt with as hitherto by a nominal Executive Council, consisting of two members, one of whom will be an Indian; the latter to be dealt with by Ministers nominated by the Governor *from the elected members of the legislative council.* These Ministers will only hold office for the lifetime of the legislative council and would thus cease to be Ministers if not re-elected to the council; they will therefore be responsible only to their constituents in India and not to any external authority. It is further proposed that five years after the inauguration of this system the Government of India shall have power, with the consent of the Secretary of State, to hand over further departments hitherto "reserved" to the control of Ministers or, in case of serious maladministration, to withdraw departments hitherto "transferred" and return them to the control of the executive council. Further, at periods of not more than twelve years a commission appointed from Great Britain shall review the whole position and recommend what further measures should be taken. By these means it is hoped that steady progress, checked and guided by experience, may be made towards the final goal of full responsible government for the whole of British India.

> "Our conception of the eventual future of India is a sisterhood of states, self-governing in all matters of purely local or provincial interest, in some cases corresponding to existing provinces, in others perhaps modified in area according to the character and economic interests of the people. Over this congeries of states would preside a central government, increasingly representative of and responsible to the people of all of them; dealing with matters, both internal and external, of common interest to the whole of India; acting as arbiter in inter-state relations, and representing the interests of all India on equal terms with the selfgoverning units of the British Empire."[1]

But after all, it may be asked, are the immediate steps proposed towards this goal so very substantial? And do they call for so much courage? Not many of those who know India are likely to put the question. For consider what the step means in hard facts. It means that the vast populations of the provinces, some of which exceed in numbers the entire population of the British Isles, are to depend in future for the supply of certain essential requirements of their moral and material welfare, not on European administrators whose knowledge and skill have been proved by the record of many years, but on men of their own race who for the most part have had no experience at all of administrative work on such a scale. These men, with their record still to make, are to control—to select from the list of "transferred subjects" appended to the report, by way of illustration—the education, the medical and sanitary services, the agriculture, the forests and fisheries, the roads and public buildings, the whole system of local government, and the levying of taxes and of excise duties for the entire province. And they are to be accountable for their management of these affairs not, like previous provincial administrations, to a British Cabinet Minister and the British Parliament, but to an Indian assembly chosen from and responsible to an Indian electorate; and that electorate is to be created out of a population in which 94 in every 100 men and women are still illiterate. Must not that inevitably involve at least a temporary decrease in the efficiency of government? Will not the mass of the Indian people, for a time at any rate, be worse off for the change? Will not these millions of peasants, for a time, be less effectively assisted in their hard fight with nature, less carefully protected against those who would exploit and oppress them? As a weapon of defense against tyranny, greed and corruption, will not the vote, till they have slowly learnt its use and power, prove but a poor substitute for the guardianship, despotic indeed but benevolent, of the British official? Democracy, again, is not a perfect instrument, and its virtues cannot be bestowed on India without its vices also—its temptations to party strife and bitterness, its opportunities for the adventurer and the demagogue, its possibilities of intrigue and corruption. "It has never been tried in Asia," the critics will say, "how do you know it will not prove disastrously unsuited

[1] Report, par. 349.

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to a people whose whole attitude to life is so different from your own?"

Considerations such as these may well induce Englishmen who know India best and care most for its people to hesitate and even perhaps to join the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the cast-iron conservative in urging that the time for so definite a change has not yet come. But the government is pledged to some advance *as soon as possible* towards responsible government in India; and how can that advance be made except along some such lines as those proposed? And, apart from the pledge, most Englishmen, however strongly they may question the details of the proposals—and at certain points they are clearly open to reasonable criticism—may be expected to accept their cardinal principle and to support the legislation needed to put it into practice. For they realize that we do not govern India for gain or for prestige or for the mere sake of governing it, but that we are acting as trustees for its future welfare, that the most vital function of our trusteeship is to prepare the Indian people for the task of governing themselves, and that since, in the long run, they can learn the practice of self-government only by their own experience, only perhaps by making their own mistakes and suffering from them, sooner or later the opportunity of experience must be given them. That being so, now, they will surely feel, is the acceptable time, when the peoples of the British Commonwealth and not least the Indian people are fighting to uphold their faith in self-government and to make its basic doctrine of mutual responsibility the law of the world.

REGINALD COUPLAND.

London.

The Education of Joan and Peter

X

Peter Flies

I

EARLY in 1915 Peter got himself transferred from his infantry regiment to the Royal Flying Corps. In those days the Flying Corps was still a limited and inaccessible force with a huge waiting list, and it needed a considerable exertion of influence to secure a footing in that select band. But at last a day came when Peter, rather self-conscious in his new leather coat and cap, walked out from the mess past a group of chatting young pilots toward the aeroplane in which he was to have his first experience of flight.

He had a sense of being scrutinized, but indeed hardly anyone upon the aerodrome noted him. This sense of an audience made him deliberately casual in his bearing. He saluted his pilot in a manner decidedly offhand. He clambered up through struts and wire to the front seat as if he was a clerk ascending the morning omnibus, and strapped himself in as if it hardly mattered whether he was strapped in or not.

"Contact, sir," said the mechanic. "Contact," came the pilot's voice from behind. The engine roared, a gale swept backwards, and Peter vibrated like an aspen leaf.

The wheels were cleared, the mechanics jumped aside, and Peter was careering across the grass in a series of light leaps, and then his progress became smoother. He did not perceive at first the reason for this sudden steadying of the machine. He found himself tilting upward. He was off the ground. He had been off the ground for some seconds. He looked over the side and saw the grass fifty feet below, and the black shadow of the aeroplane, as if it fled before them, rushing at a hedge, doubling up at the hedge, and starting again in the next field. And up he went.

Peter stared at fields, hedges, trees, sheds and roadways growing small below him. He noted cows in plan and an automobile in plan, in a lane, going—it seemed very slowly indeed. It seemed a stagnant world below in comparison with his own forward sweep. His initial nervousness and self-consciousness had passed away. He was enormously interested and delighted. He was trying to remember when it was that Oswald had said: "I doubt if we'll see a flying machine in my lifetime—or yours." It was somewhere long ago at Limpsfield. Quite early . . . .

And then abruptly Peter was clutching the side with his thick-gloved hand; the aeroplane was coming round in a close curve and banking steeply, very steeply. For a moment it seemed as though there was nothing at all between him and England below. If he fell out—!

He looked over his shoulder and met the hard regard of a pair of steel-blue eyes.

He remembered that after all he was under observation. This was no mere civilian's joy ride. He affected a concentration upon the scenery. The aeroplane swung slowly back again to the level, and his hand left the side. . . .

They were going up very rapidly now. The world seemed to be rolling in at the edges of a great circle that grew constantly larger. Away to the left were broad spaces of brown sand and gray rippled and smooth shining water channels, and beyond, the sapphire sea; beneath and to the right were fields, houses, villages, woods, and a distant range of hills that seemed to be coming nearer. The scale was changing and everything was becoming maplike. Cows were little dots now and men scarcely visible. . . . And then suddenly all the scenery seemed to be rushing upward before Peter's eyes and he had a feeling like the feeling one has in a lift when it starts, a down-borne feeling. He affected indifference, and gave the pilot his whistling profile. Down they swept, faster than a luge on the swiftest run, until one could see the ditches in the shadows beneath the hedges and cows were plainly cows again, and then once more they were heeling over and curving round. But Peter had been ready for that this time; he had been telling himself over and over again that he was strapped in. He betrayed no surprise. But he was getting more and more exhilarated.

And then they were climbing again and soaring straight out towards the sea. Up went this roaring dragon fly in which Peter was sitting, at a hundred and twenty miles or so per hour, leaving the dwindling land behind.

Up they went and up, until the world seemed nearly all

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sea and the coast was far away; they mounted at last above a little white cloud puff and then above a haze of clouds, and when Peter looked down he saw at a vast distance below through a clear gap in that filmy cloud fabric, three little ships smaller than any toys. Of the men he could distinguish nothing. How sweet the cold clear air had become!

And high above the world, in the lonely sky above the cloud fleece, the pilot saw fit to spring a little surprise upon Peter.

He was not of the general and considerate order of teachers; he believed in weeding out duds as swiftly as possible. He had an open mind as to whether this rather over-intelligent looking beginner might not, under certain circumstances, squeal. So he just tried him, and without a note of preparation, looped the loop with him.

The propeller that span before the eyes of Peter dipped. Peter bowed in accord with it. It dipped more and more steeply, until the machine was almost nose down, until Peter was looking at the sea and the land as one sits and looks at a wall. He was tilted down and down until he was face downward. And then as abruptly he was tilted up; it was like being in a swing; the note of the engine altered; the sea and the land seemed to fall away below him as though he left them forever, and the blue sky swept down across his field of vision like a curtain; he was, so to speak, on his back now with his legs in the air, looking straight at the sky, at nothing but sky, and expecting to recover. This was surely the end of the swing. Only—most amazingly—he didn't recover! He wanted to say, "Ouch!" He was immensely surprised—too surprised to be frightened. He went over backwards—in an instant—and the sea and the land reappeared above the sky and also came down like curtains, too, and then behold! the aeroplane was driving down and the world was in its place again far below.

"The Loop!" whispered Peter, a little dazed, and glanced back at his pilot and smiled. This was no perambulator excursion. "The Loop—first journey!"

The blue eyes seemed a little less hard, the weathered face was smiling faintly.

Then gripped by an irresistible power, Peter found himself going down, down, down almost vertically. The pilot had apparently stopped the engine. . . .

Peter watched the majestic expansion of the landscape as they fell. They had come back over the land. Far away he could see the aerodrome like a scattered collection of little toy huts, and growing bigger and bigger every instant. He sat quite still, for it was all right, it must be all right. But now they were getting very near the ground, and it was still rushing up to meet them, and pouring outwardly as it rose. A cat now would be visible. . . .

It *was* all right. The engine picked up with a roar like a score of lions, and the pilot leveled out a hundred feet above the trees. . . .

Then presently they were dropping to the aerodrome again; down until the hedges were plain and the grazing cattle close and distinct; and then, with a sense of infinite regret, Peter perceived that they were back on the turf again and that the flight was over. They danced over the turf. Their rush slowed down. They taxied gently up to the hangar and the engine, with a pathetic drop to silence, shuddered and stopped. . . .

A little stiffly, Peter unbuckled himself and stretched and set himself to clamber to the ground.

His weather-bitten senior nodded to him and smiled faintly. . . .

Peter walked toward the Mess. It was wonderful—and intensely disappointing in that it was so soon over. Always at the end of a flight there is that same touch of chagrin that one has at the end of a successful swim. It might have gone on longer; one might have gone higher and further. There were still great pieces of the afternoon left. . . .

2

The aerodrome was short of machines and instructors, and he had to wait a couple of weeks before he could get into the air a second time.

He worked sedulously to gather knowledge during that waiting interval, and his first real lesson found him a very alert and ready pupil. This time the dual control was at his disposal, and for a straight mile or so the pilot left things to him altogether. Came half a dozen other lessons, and then Peter found himself sitting alone in a machine outside the great sheds, watched closely by a knot of friendly rivals, and, for the first time on his own account, conducting that duologue he had heard now so often on other lips, "Switch off." . . . "Suck in." "Contact!"

He started across the ground. His first sensations bordered on panic. Hitherto the machines he had flown in had been just machines; now this one, this one was an animal, it started out across the aerodrome like a demented ostrich, swerving wildly and trying to turn round. Always before the other man had done the taxi business. It had never occurred to Peter that it involved any difficulty. Peter's heart nearly failed him in that opening twenty seconds, he was convinced he was going to be killed, and then he determined to get up at any cost. At any rate he wouldn't smash on the ground. He let out the accelerator, touched his controls, and behold he was up—he was up! Instantly the machine ceased to resemble a floundering ostrich, and became a steady and dignified carinate, swaying only slightly from wing to wing. Up he went over the hedges, over the trees beyond, above the familiar field of cows. The moment of panic had passed, and Peter was himself again.

He had got right outside the aerodrome and he had to bank and bring her round. Already he had done that successfully a number of times with an instructor to take care of him. He did it successfully now. His confidence grew. Back he came a hundred feet over the aerodrome. He made three complete circuits, rose outside the aerodrome and came down, making a good landing. He was instantly smitten with the intense regret that he had not made eight or nine circuits. It was a mere hop. Any man of spirit would have gone on. There were hours of daylight yet. He might have gone up; he might have tried a spiral. . . . *Damn!*

But the blue eyes of the Master approved him.

"Couldn't have made a better landing, Stubland," said the Master. "Try again to-morrow. Follow it up close. Short and frequent doses."

Peter had made another stage on his way to France.

Came other solo flights, and flights on different types of machines, and then a day of glory and disobedience when, three thousand feet above the chimneys of a decent farmhouse, Peter looped the loop twice. He had learnt by that time what it was to sideslip, and what air pockets can do to the unwary. He had learnt the bitter consequences of coming down with the engine going strong. He had had a smash through that all too common mistake, but not a bad smash; a few struts and wires of the left wing was all that had gone. A hedge and a willow tree had stopped him. He had had a forced landing in a field of cabbage through engine stoppage, and half an hour in a snowstorm when he had had doubts in an upward eddy whether he might not be flying upside down. That had been a nasty experience. He had several times taken his hands off the controls and

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let the old bus look after herself, so badly were the snowflakes spinning about in his mind. He dreamt a lot about flying, and few of his dreams were pleasant dreams. And then this fantastic old world of ours which had so suddenly diverted his education to these things, and taught him to fly with a haste and intensity it had never put into any teaching before, decided that he was ripe for the air war, and packed him off to France. . . .

3

Before he had joined the Flying Corps, Peter had thought very little of death. The thought of death only became prevalent in English minds towards the second year of the war. It is a hateful and unnatural thought in youth, easily dismissed altogether unless circumstances press it incessantly upon the attention. But even before Peter went to France two of his set had been killed under his eyes in a collision as they came down into the aerodrome, and a third he had seen two miles away get into a spiral nose dive, struggle out of it again, and then go down to be utterly smashed to pieces. In one day on Salisbury Plain he had seen three accidents, and two, he knew, had been fatal and one had left a legless thing to crawl through life. The messes in France seemed populous with young ghosts; reminiscences of sprees, talk of flying adventures were laced with "dear old boy! he went west last May." Went west! They hated the very name of death. They did their best, these dear gallant boys, to make it seem an easy and familiar part of life, of life with which they were so joyously in love. They all knew that the dice were loaded against them, and that as the war went on the chances against them grew.

The first day Peter was out in France he saw a man hit and brought down by a German Archie. Two days after he found himself the centre of a sudden constellation of whoofing shells, that left inky cloud bursts over him and under him and round about him; he saw the fabric of his wing jump and quiver, and dropped six hundred feet or so to shake the gunner off. But *whuff* . . . *whuff* . . . *whuff*, like the bark of a monstrous dog . . . the beast was on him again within a minute, and Peter did two or three loops and came about and got away with almost indecent haste. He was trembling; he hated it. And he hated to tremble.

In the mess that evening the talk ran on the "Pigeon shooter." It seemed that there was this one German gunner far quicker and more deadly than any of his fellows. He had a knack of divining what an airman was going to do. Peter admitted his near escape and sought counsel.

Peter's colleagues watched him narrowly and unostentatiously when they advised him. Their faces were masks and his face was a mask, and they were keen for the faintest intonation of what was behind it. They all hated death, they all tried not to think of death, but they all believed that there were Paladins who never thought of death at all. When the tension got too great they ragged; they smashed great quantities of furniture and made incredible volumes of noise. Twice Peter got away from the aerodrome, to let things rip in Amiens. But such outbreaks were usually followed by deep depressions of spirit. In the night Peter would wake up and find the thought of death sitting by his bedside.

So far Peter had never had a fight. He had gone over the enemy lines five times, he had bombed a troop train in a station and a regiment resting in a village, he believed he had killed a score or more of Germans on each occasion and he felt not the slightest compunction, but he had not yet come across a fighting Hun plane. He had very grave doubts about the issue of such a fight, a fight that was bound to come sooner or later. He knew he was not such a quick pilot as he would like to be. He thought quickly, but he thought rather too much for rapid steady decisions. He had the balancing scientific mind. He knew that none of his flights were perfect. Always there was a conflict of intention at some point, a hesitation. He believed he might last for weeks or months, but he knew that somewhere he would be found wanting—just for a second perhaps, just in the turn of the scrap. Then he would be killed. He hid quite successfully from all his companions, and particularly from his squadron commander, this conviction, just as he had previously hidden the vague funk that had invariably invaded his being whenever he walked across the ground towards the machine during his days of instruction, but at the back of his mind the thought that his time was limited was always present. He believed that he had to die; it might be to-morrow or next week or next month, but somewhere within the year.

When these convictions became uppermost in Peter's mind a black discontent possessed him. There are no such bitter critics of life as the young; theirs is a magnificent greed for the splendor of life. They have no patience with delays; their blunders and failures are intolerable. Peter reviewed his two and twenty years with an intense dissatisfaction. He had wasted his time, and now he had got into a narrow way that led down and down pitilessly to where there would be no more time to waste. He had been aimless and the world had been aimless, and then it had suddenly turned upon him and caught him in this lobster's trap. He had wasted all his chances of great experience. And now things had got into this spin to death. It was exactly like a spin—like a spinning nose dive—the whole affair, his life, this war. . . .

He would lie and fret in his bed, and fret all the more because he knew his wakefulness wasted the precious nervous vigor that might save his life next day.

After a black draught of such thoughts Peter would become excessively noisy and facetious in the mess tent. He was recognized and applauded as a wit and as a devil. He was really very good at Limericks, delicately indelicate, upon the names of his fellow officers and the villages along the front, and his caricatures adorned the mess. It was also understood that he was a rake. . . .

Peter's evil anticipations were only too well justified. He was put down in his very first fight, which happened over Dompierre. He had bad luck; he was struck by von Papen, one of the crack German fliers on that part of the front. He was up at ten thousand feet or so, more or less covering a low flying photographer, when he saw a German machine coming over half a mile perhaps or more away, as though it was looking for trouble. Peter knew he might funk a fight, and to escape that moral disaster, headed straight down for the German, who dropped and made off southward. Peter rejoiced at this flight, pursued, his eyes upon the quarry. Then from out of the sun came von Papen, swiftly and unsuspected, upon Peter's tail, and announced his presence by a whiff of bullets. Peter glanced over his shoulder to discover that he was caught.

"Oh, damn!" cried Peter, and ducked his head, and felt himself stung at the shoulder and wrist. Splinters were flying about him.

He tried a side-slip, and as he did so he had an instant's vision of yet another machine, a Frenchman this time, falling like a bolt out of the blue upon his assailant. The biter was bit.

Peter tried to come round and help, but he turned right

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over sideways and dropped, and suddenly found himself with the second Hun plane coming up right ahead of him. Peter blazed away, but God! how his wrist hurt him! He cursed life and death. He blazed away with his machine going over more and more, and the landscape rushing up over his head and then getting in front of him and circling round. For some seconds he did not know what was up and what down. He continued to fire, firing earthward for a long second or so after his second enemy had disappeared from his vision.

The world was spinning round faster and faster, and everything was moving away outward, faster and faster, as if it was all hastening to get out of his way. . . .

This surely was a spinning nose dive, the spinning nose dive—from within. Round and round. Confusing and giddy! Just as he had seen poor old Gordon go down—. . . But one didn't feel at all—as Peter had supposed one must feel—like an egg in an egg-whisk! . . .

Down spun the aeroplane, as a maple fruit in autumn spins to the ground. Then this still living thing that had been Peter, all bloody and broken, made a last supreme effort. And his luck seconded his effort. The spin grew slower and flatter. Control of this lurching aeroplane seemed to come back, escaped again, mocked him. *Now!* the sky swung up over the whirling propeller again and stayed above it, and again the machine obeyed a reasonable soul.

He was out of it! Out of a nose dive! Yes. Steady! It is so easy when one's head is whirling to get back into spin again. Steady! . . .

Oh! good Peter! *Good* Peter! *Clever* Peter. He applauded himself. But what a queer right hand it was. It was covered with blood. And it crumpled up in the middle when he clenched it! Never mind!

He was in the lowest storey of the air. The Huns and Frenchmen up there were in another world.

Down below, quite close—not five hundred feet now—were field-greys running and shooting at him. They were counting their chicken before he was hatched—no, smashed. . . . He wasn't done yet! Not by any manner of means! A wave of great cheerfulness and confidence buoyed up Peter. He felt equal to any enterprise. Should he drop and let the bawling Boche have a round or so?

And there was a Hun machine smashed upside down on the ground! Was that the second fellow?

Flick! a bullet!

Wiser counsels came to Peter. This was no place for a sick and giddy man with a smashed and bleeding wrist. He must get away.

Up! Which way was west? West? The sun rises in the east and sets in the west. But where had the sun got to? It was hidden by his wing.

Shadows! The shadows would be pointing northeast, that was the tip. . . . Up! There were the Boche trenches. No, reserve trenches. . . . Going west. Going west. . . . Rip! Snap! Bullet through the wing, and a wire flickering about. He ducked his head. He put the machine up steeply to perhaps a thousand feet. . . .

He had an extraordinary feeling that he and the machine were growing and swelling, that they were getting bigger and bigger, and the sky and the world and everything else smaller. At last he was a monstrous man in a vast aeroplane in the tiniest of universes. He was as great as God.

That wrist! And this blood! Blood! And great glowing spots of blood that made one's sight indistinct. . . .

He coughed, and felt his mouth full of blood, and spat it out and retched. . . .

Then in an instant he was a little thing again, and the sky and the world were immense. He had a lucid interval.

One ought to go up and help that Frenchman. Where were they fighting? . . . *Up,* anyhow!

This must be No Man's Land. That crumpled little thing was a dead body surely. Barbed wire. More barbed wire.

The engine was missing. Ugh! *That fairly put the lid on.*

Peter was already asleep and dreaming. The great blood spots had returned and increased, but now they were getting black, they were black, huge black blotches; they blotted out the world!

It was an automaton, aided by good luck, that dropped his machine half a mile behind the French trenches. . . .

H. G. WELLS.

A Legal Holiday

"All is a procession.
The universe is a procession with measured and perfect motion."—Walt Whitman.

Far from stately country places,
Well-bred gardens, ocean spaces,
Made for happy holiday,
Here they wander, common clay,
From the movies, two by two,
White-faced men who rudely woo
Girls who give them what they must—
Disillusioned to the dust.

Pageantry of peanut shells,
Littered papers, noise that swells
From a band's insistent blur,
Nasal voices, "Say, it's her!"
"We should worry!" . . "Who's your friend?"
Dirt and heat and odors blend,
While life goes sauntering along
As tawdry as its latest song.

You think these thoughts, and motor by,
America! . . . You wonder why
Some loveliness should not be made
To touch the lives of Mame and Sade. . .
O you, who little know the wings
Of their renunciation—things
That Sade gave up to help "Tod" through,
Although he stole and was untrue,
And broke her heart, they say, in two. . .
And Mamie, dying day by day,
In cheerful over-work, to pay
Her pretty sister's primrose way
Through Elocution School, they say.

O well, the peanut shells are there
Upon the surface—but the fair
Immortal presences above
Still hover timelessly—poor Love
With understanding eyes, and high
Sweet Beauty with her stifled cry,
And Courage with her reckless will,
And then—high Death—surrounded still
By azure hopes that only cease
Their beating wings within the peace
Of Her fulfilment . . . . . pageantry
Indeed—if only blinded eyes could see!

ETHEL HOBART.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Questions for Arthur Ransome

SIR: Arthur Ransome has lived in Russia for some years, and knows Russian; therefore one has read his cables with particular interest. Ransome has been of great service, especially in furthering a real sympathy, in England and America, with the fundamental righteousness of the Russian Revolution. But clearly he has recently become the troubadour of the Bolsheviki. Knowing Ransome personally, and having discussed Russia with him by the hour during the last three years, I have been struck at times by the undiscriminating character of his scrutiny of political facts. But I always recalled that Ransome was first of all a literary critic, who used to be rather proud of his inability to understand and follow politics. Thus a phrase in one of his recent cables to the London Daily News, reprinted in the New York Times, spoiled the whole cable for me. He spoke of the German generals in command of the Cossacks, and showed himself thus an undiscriminating observer.

Ransome makes certain assumptions in his Open Letter to America which cannot be accepted. For him the leadership of the Revolution belonged to the Bolsehiviki from the very beginning. He admits that the Bolsheviki were then, and still are, a minority. But now, according to him, others tried to steal the leadership from the Bolsheviki. It was in fact the Bolsheviki who did the stealing, taking advantage of the economic distress and confusion of mind of the Russian masses. Ransome hardly mentions the methods used by the Bolsheviki to maintain their control, instituted by force. He only quotes a "smart" phrase of one of the contingent of Kronstadt sailors, who dispersed the Constituent Assembly with bayonets.

But perhaps these are matters of opinion, and I wish to touch on statements of fact in the Open Letter. It is true that the Duma was not a representative body in that it was elected on a very limited suffrage. But during the course of the war, it became more representative of the country, and more democratic. Ransome has forgotten the Progresssive Bloc, the legislation passed by the Duma in 1916, and the role played by the Duma in the months preceding the Revolution, all of which I used to discuss with him, or he would not say that the "Duma had lost in the course of the war any claim to stand for anything except the bourgeois and privileged classes."

In describing the organization of the Soviets Ransome says that every workman and peasant has the "right to vote in the elections." We know the theory of the Soviet form of government. But we know also that there has not been the right to vote freely, while bayonets and gatling guns have been used freely at the elections and after the elections to expel anti-Bolsheviki. The People's Commissaries are described as directly responsible to the Executive Committee. Again, this is the theory. But we have had no mention, from Ransome or any of the champions of the Soviet idea, of the actual reelection of the Commissaries after the many resignations that followed the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk treaty last March. We do not know the names even of the present Commissaries, except those of Lenin, Trotski and Chicherin. A recent report tells of the execution by the Bolsheviki of the former woman member of the Bolshevik "government," Spiridonova, for her connection with the assassination of von Mirbach, the German Ambassador at Moscow.

Ransome says that "the very idea of a Constituent Assembly was first put forward by the Soviet." This is not true. The idea of the Constituent Assembly has been the fundamental idea of the Cadets, for example, since 1906. It was the fundamental idea of the Cadets who participated in the organizing of the first Provisional Government of the revolution. That is why this first government was called the Provisional Government, provisional until the Constituent could be convened. And Ransome again is wrong when he writes that "the bourgeois parties deliberately postponed the meeting of the Constituent Assembly." Any discriminating observer of the Russian Revolution saw clearly that it would take at least six months to prepare the election lists, the ballots themselves, for the first general election in the history of a country with a population of 180 millions. The second Provisional Government, including its socialist members, decided that regularity in the election procedure must not be sacrificed by advancing the date for the convening of the Constituent. It was Kerenski, not Lvov or another bourgeois leader, who postponed the date from September to December, when he saw that the registration and election lists could not be ready for the earlier date.

Does Ransome really believe that Trotski, by a speech to von Kühlmanns and Czernins, who carefully censored the text before it was given out in Germany and Austria, "did actually succeed in causing huge strikes both in Austria and in Germany"? We know that the excesses of Bolshevism have proven a useful weapon in the hands of the German rulers to increase their control over their people.

I mention only a few of the statements of fact in this Open Letter to which one must take exception. The friends of Ransome, while recognizing that he has done a considerable service, have had to object strongly these last months to many of his undiscriminating observations. As an American I object to the "writing at a speed to break my pen," of a letter insisting that the Bolsheviki and *their* Soviets are the only medium through which we can stand by and assist the Russian people.

SAMUEL N. HARPER.
University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

Middle Class Mothers

SIR: I, too, live in a "small, cement two-family house," with a baby and a husband; and in spite of these valued possessions I am trying to fly in the face of public opinion and go on with the work I like. I was much amused and interested, therefore, by the bit of satire you published recently on The Business of Being a Mother.

I wish, however, instead of presenting an individual—and "lucky"—solution to her own problem, the writer had indicated some general answer to the question hundreds of able women are asking today—how to secure competent, affectionate care for their children without completely sacrificing their own opportunity for professional service in the community. Middle-class mothers *are* woefully inefficient, but even among us the "Better Babies" propaganda is beginning to take effect. The real irony of the situation lies not in the contrast between competent, paid care and the care of the inefficient, "instinctive" mother. It is found rather in the fact that society encourages, practically forces, the highly trained woman, capable of rendering wide service

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to the community, to drop her work and devote her entire time to one child. The fact that she does the job well, and has the approval of society, does not justify the loss to the community.

A friend of mine has an unusual gift in entertaining very little children, and all the babies of the neighborhood flock to her house. Their mothers come too, at all hours, to ask questions and learn the general principles of child care. But if the suggestion were made that my friend give certain hours each day to this pleasant occupation and charge a small fee for her skilful services, the neighborhood would be outraged. My neighbor on one side owns a vacuum cleaner; the one on the other a washing machine; while I possess an electric sewing machine. The three of us are longing, and cannot afford to possess all of these household conveniences. The efficiency of our housework is probably reduced to half by the fact that we do not. But the idea of cooperation in the use is too radical; we prefer to "do our own work with our own things." Small wonder, then, if we cannot cooperate on cleaning and sewing and washing clothes, that the idea of cooperative care for little children for part of each day meets with no approval among middle-class mothers.

Society is against any change in a "sacred tradition," of course, and can be counted on to discourage experiments. But, in this time of war-need the community is actually beginning to realize that there is something wasteful in allowing trained nurses and teachers, with years of experience, to vanish forever within the walls of the home. Half-time positions are opening up and high wages are tempting women into the ranks of industry and business. The recent registration of women made each individual face her own assets and liabilities quite impersonally, and forced a good many of us to realize how we had deteriorated intellectually. It is high time for mothers to try some experiments for the sake of their own and their children's development, instead of waiting for business or philanthropy to point the way. In fact, rumor is abroad that many such experiments *are* being tried in different parts of the country. Isn't there some way in which the practical experience thus gained could be "pooled" for the use of all of us; and much valuable time and energy thus saved? I will confess that I, for one, am a bit tired of theory alone.

HELEN GLENN TYSON.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Liberal New England and Western Prudery

SIR: I am delighted to read your reviewer's well-informed correction of the perversions of American history by such "Young Moderns" as Walter Lippman, Theodore Dreiser, Van Wyck Brooks and Floyd Dell, among many others. It is absolutely untrue that "the Puritans had no dances or festivals; they burned witches instead." All three of these assertions are misstatements. The Puritans early had their dances (barn-dances at corn-huskings), and Puritan youth were apparently as joyous as the youth of the prairies are today. And it must be allowed that their Thanksgivings were "some festivals."

As to Witch-burnings: the New England Puritans never burnt a witch. Not a case of the sort is on record. Yet, quite curiously, even your reviewer, R. E. R., with all his sound judgment, accepts that error. The Puritans hung their witches by judicial procedure, just as they were hung in every European country in those times. So New England was no exception to the rest of the world. It remained for Americans (not of New England) to go the Puritan practice many degrees worse in the "enlightened" nineteenth and twentieth century and burn persons at the stake without sanction of law. Nothing of the sort ever occurred in New England. It was left for the Middle West of today to perpetrate such unspeakable atrocities as the East St. Louis massacre. New England Puritanism of the seventeenth century became the liberalism of the late eighteenth century and the radicalism of the nineteenth century. And our liberal New England of today has to keep vigilant guard against a backwash of straight-laced orthodoxy and prudery from regions west of the Alleghanies.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

Boston, Massachusetts.

What Worm Has Stolen Into Our Bud?

SIR: What is happening to my New Republic? To me your magazine was hope, courage, consolation and happiness; it was the jewel of the world's thought, the soul of America and that of humanity; its democracy was the sunshine which was going to encircle this planet. My New Republic was my sweetest companion; I was not able to live without it; I worshipped it as a good Christian worships Christ.

But those that used to hate its radicalism now worship it. What worm has stolen into its bud? Its democracy is fading fast—will it completely vanish? My dear old New Republic, is it conceivable that you, too, will join the forces of reaction?

JAMES BOURNE.

New York City.

Let Germany Rot!

SIR: The article An Allied Economic Agreement in the August 10th issue is near being German propaganda, to my mind.

The greatest crime of this war is likely to be that Germany will not be sufficiently punished.

Cannot the Allies hand out to the Germans what the Germans would hand out to us if they could win?

Kill every German willing to fight for the War Lords and when through let Germany and what is left rot!

Impose a peace and make it in such a form that the German cannot ever lift his head or hand again.

Are the American boys going over to make the world a safe place to live in? Well, if so, let's make a clean job of it in the peace terms. I think we had better ask France what she would like to do with the spoils also.

The negative side of the American policy doesn't amount to a damn. Your article infers that Germany will have something to say about the peace terms, but ask the next dozen men you meet what they would do if they were on the peace board *after Germany is licked* and you'll find that Germany ought to be crushed out of existence as a nation and the conquering Allies ought to make the peace.

WM. L. VENNARD.

City Engineer's Office,
Lynn, Massachusetts.

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Before the Play

LATELY I have been reading a three-act play which is in many ways remarkable. Especially in its stage directions, from which I quote almost at random: "She waits as if scrupulously to detach from its stem the flower of irony that has sprouted in this speech." Offhand one cannot name an actress who could wait after such a fashion as quite to express the dramatist's intention. Or an actor who would find the task thus assigned to him well within his powers: "He becomes aware, in addition, that the fact communicated to him by her gives him an advantage even over the poor fellow whose face, as he stands there, shows the trace of an insufficient forecast of two things"—which two things the dramatist proceeds to mention and to describe. Were I a stage manager I should think at least twice before inviting an actor to reveal, mutely, his awareness of somebody else's insufficient forecast of two things, yet it is this same actor upon whom the dramatist, strangely unafraid, lays this additional burden: "She speaks without discernible excitement, and he has already become aware that the face she actually shows him is not a thing to make him estimate directly the effect wrought in her by the incongruous result of the influence he has put forth under pressure of her ardor." One may as well admit, though, that an actor who could take these directions in his stride might quite likely not turn a hair when he came to this: "He is in bliss with a great chill and in despair with a great lift, and confused and assured and alarmed—divided between the joy and the pain of knowing that what she has done she has done for *him,* and done full in the face of all that he cannot do to repay her."

The quotations, as you have doubtless recognized, are from The Other House, and have been made more closely to resemble real stage directions by changes in tenses and by the substitution of pronouns for proper names. And The Other House, as you doubtless remember, is one of the three stories that Henry James imagined and wrote with the material conditions of the theatre always in mind—the other two being Covering End, the "natural" magic story in the Two Magics, and The Outcry. What I have quoted, and a great many other passages as easily found in the pages of The Other House, are obviously directions which no player, however richly gifted or subtly trained, could conceivably carry out, and from which a player with an imagination might nevertheless get all sorts of tips and inspirations, might learn what spiritual air he was to breathe, with what intentions he was to color his speech and charge his silences. I have chosen The Other House as an illustration of one or two necessary differences between the novelist's and the dramatist's craft, not only because it is tighter and tenser and solider and more moving than Covering End, which is intentionally a slight affair, presenting few technical difficulties to be overcome; not only because The Other House has every advantage of mere interestingness and seriousness over The Outcry; but also because, in The Other House, Henry James wrote for the most part a dialogue that is speakable and nearly unmannered.

Even in the great dramatists we do not often hear any one say, at a moment of crisis, something which we recognize, delightedly, as "just like him." Rare, even in Shakespeare, are things like Falstaff's, when Henry V has denied him, "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound." At a crisis the idiosyncratic color usually fades out of human speech, leaving its tone and cadence to be determined more by passion and will, by a sense of the predicament that confines them, or of the good fortune which gives them their way. In a novel by Henry James the idiosyncratic color of the words his men and women speak is nearly always given by his own idiosyncracy. Especially is this true in the later and greater novels. But in The Other House, partly no doubt because it was written before he had achieved his final manner, and partly because in its making his sense of the requirements of the theatre controlled his every separate decision more absolutely than it ever had before, or was ever to do again, the dialogue rarely gives us a feeling that Henry James's idiosyncratic manner hangs opaquely between us and the speaker. "I've an idea that has become a passion with me," says Rose Armiger. "There's a right I must see done—there's a wrong I must make impossible. There's a loyalty I must cherish—there's a memory I must protect." And Dennis Vidal says: "It has been my unfortunate fate in coming to this place—so wrapped, as one might suppose, in comfort and peace—to intrude a second time on obscure, unhappy things, on suffering and danger and death." A great actor is not needed, a merely competent actor would be able, to say these words so that their beauty would reach us. And the dialogue in The Other House has other merits than this kind of beauty. Many of the shorter replies have the appositeness of knives, the nakedness of blades.

Then why, since the dialogue is mostly speakable and unmannered, since it has so many of the qualities without which stage dialogue cannot live and move, since its beauty never tempts us to accuse the dramatist of writing too well, why do I say that the great technical failure of The Other House as a play is in the dialogue? The answer is obvious. Because the dramatist, not trusting enough to his dialogue, does not see how heavy a burden he must put upon it if it is to do the necessary work which in a play nothing but dialogue can do, does not even try to make it do this work, has never admitted to himself how much more nearly true, of a play than of a novel, is the dogma that silence is seldom an exact equivalent of speech. When we read The Other House the intentions with which he has loaded his silences are discharged in speech, but this is true only because we can read, because we do read, his account of the pauses, fateful and intricate, by which the spoken words are preceded and followed. He has shirked his problem, which was to imagine a dialogue able to do the work that in a novel is done by his perceiving, sensitive self. Even if he hadn't shirked, he probably could not have solved it, since his perception was turned upon states of mind particularly hard to represent by word, face, gesture, movement. And so we find, in The Other House considered as a play, the dramatist forever forgetting "that in a novel you can stop time and that in a play you can't."

All of which would be of no importance to readers of the novel if Henry James had not kept reminding them, from about the twelfth page to the last, that The Other House is a play. After the twelfth page the contrast is enormous and continuous between the liberties he takes with time and the liberties he won't take with space. We are never allowed to forget his determination, his desperate, gallant, steel-strong resolve, to force all that he shows us to happen in one of three places. We cannot forget this resolve either when the effort this costs him is prodigious or when it is slight. He spends upon the presentation of his unities of place the energy which should have been given to his dialogue. He is always steering clear of reefs, and, oddly and disconcertingly enough, it is when the tides of emotion run highest that the avoided reefs most stick up.

Q. K.

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Mr. Spargo Recants

Americanism and Social Democracy, by John Spargo. New York: Harpers. $1.50.

SOCIALISM has not thus far found congenial soil in America. The classic form in which Marx clothed it was, until the last decade, too little applicable to the categories of American life to be at all widely accepted. The labor movement was too little concerned with the search for political expression to seek a theory upon which to nourish its life. The numbers it attracted, the votes it was able to secure, were rather, as in Germany, the expression of a general discontent with the existing system than an acceptance of the socialist ideal. American socialism, moreover, has been unduly narrow in that its inspiration has been rigidly Marxian in character. Neither from the cooperative theories of Owen, nor from the impressive federalism of Proudhon has it drawn support or inspiration. As a consequence it is not unfair to suggest that its actual leadership has been out of accord with American traditions. It has become the movement, par excellence, of two strata within the population. When the war came its lack of relationship to the general background of American life became painfully obvious. In striving to retain its internationalism, it inevitably cast its weight upon the side of Germany. In seeking to emphasize the economic character of the present struggle, it lost sight of ends and purposes it was fatal to leave aside. The result was a serious schism within the movement; and Mr. Spargo's volume is the justification of his part in leading the secession.

It is, frankly, a disappointing book. It has too much of the convert's eagerness to win enthusiasm from his new allies, it deals too much in plain blacks and whites; and it is impossible to divide the world into the sheep and goats in Mr. Spargo's simple fashion. It is full of easy catchwords which serve rather to betray thought than to reveal it. Like all Mr. Spargo's books, it lays such emphasis upon the value of programmes as utterly to misunderstand the fact that the real problem is their application. It throws over every fundamental article of the socialist creed to take refuge in the public ownership of public utilities as the new "American Socialism" which is the "logical outcome of the Declaration of Independence." Mr. Spargo uses technical terms like "sovereignty" in a fashion that suggests his complete unawareness of the problems to which they give rise. He has the hasty habit of using "democracy" as a term of eulogy instead of a description of a system which has still to prove itself. He is full of final words ——axiomatic, immortal, terrific, vital. Having rid us of the Socialist party, he palms off upon us the new National party with the "most scientific" platform ever promulgated as the mechanism which will drive us to the golden age. It is truly a pathetic spectacle.

For what has Mr. Spargo genuinely to say that is at any point novel or arresting? The public ownership of public utilities is obviously necessary; but the real problem is the means of their transference and the method of their operation when they have been transferred. Equality of industrial opportunity is admitted as urgent by every one; the only real question, upon which Mr. Spargo has nothing whatever to say, is how it is to be attained. "Secret diplomacy" is one of the phrases it is most easy and useless to exploit. "Some sort of League of Nations" is equally applicable to the mutually exclusive ideas of Mr. Wilson and Lord Curzon. Mr. Spargo is anxious for an internationalism which shall respect the fact of nationality, and a democracy which shall take the best of individualism and socialism; so are we all, but most of us are genuinely doubtful whether there is any value in saying so in print. Nor can Mr. Spargo take refuge in his assertion that some of his ideals coincide with the programme of the British Labor Party. The whole difference here lies in the support of the latter by the organized ranks of trade-unionism. In America the trade-unions have in such fashion abstained from support of the British programme as to indicate their dissent from its conclusions; and Mr. Spargo is left to rely for action upon a handful of professional radicals unconnected with the sources either of political or economic power.

Undoubtedly, there is real cause for grievance against American socialism. It has suffered from a rigidity of doctrine which has prevented it from making the real contribution it has to offer to American life. It has failed to see how impossible it is to apply wholesale the idea of one environment to the ideas of another. Marx's system was the first generalization of European significance about the results of the industrial revolution; but the peculiar conditions of American economic civilization made it here only partially applicable. Until quite recent years, allowance had to be made for a special agrarian situation and a special value even for the most casual and unskilled labor. What the socialists in America ought to have insisted upon was the vital dependence of political upon economic power, in the first place, and the very urgent reality of the class-struggle in the second. It was his unerring perception of these which gave Marx his universal value in the history of economics. The theory of surplus value does not, as Mr. Spargo suggests, seem to have stood the test of time; but it may well be urged that so far as the concentration of capital is concerned time and truth have been on Marx's side. Certainly, for example, the income-tax returns of England and the United States show the very striking fashion in which the large fortunes of the pre-war period have benefited during the war; and upon capitalistic concentration Mr. Spargo would secure real enlightenment if he studied the banking amalgamations of Europe in the last ten years. The emphasis Marx laid upon these forces has set them in a new perspective; and Mr. Veblen long ago pointed out that his understanding of them made Marxian socialism the one foe that was really feared by the capitalist with eyes to see.

But Mr. Spargo is so eager to throw off what he calls a "philosophy"—particularly, of course, a philosophy that is German in its origin—that he refuses to see the value of what he rejects. The thing he offers as a substitute would not bring fear to the meanest-minded shopkeeper who ever underpaid his errand boy. No one is likely long to object to the state-guarantee of interest which is Mr. Spargo's remedy for the railway situation. To use the industrial corporation alongside the trade-union is exactly the kind of compromise between mighty opposites which betrays an absence of real thinking about the industrial process as a whole. The one great object of socialism is the abolition of the wages-system; and if Mr. Spargo is anxious to retain it, or to postpone its destruction, he had better give up the socialist faith rather than wrap it up in the American flag, cut off its head, and then proclaim it the creed of all thinking men. The book he has written sounds exactly like the utterance of the last handful of faithful progressives after Mr. Roosevelt had returned to the Republican party. The relentless logic of Mr. Hillquit, however disagreeable, is preferable by far to this mélange of chaotic ideas. Mr.

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Spargo cannot help us with the task in hand until he ceases to think like a speaker at a street-corner who trusts that one sentence will suggest another. His book has not even the semblance of a desire to face frankly the realities of the situation.

H. J. L.

How's Your Second Act?

How's Your Second Act? by Arthur Hopkins. New York: Philip Goodman Co. 90 cents.

UNTIL Arthur Hopkins wrote How's Your Second Act? Broadway had only one expressed theory of stage production. It was that of David Belasco, as printed over his signature and under the aegis of his really excellent press agent, Wendell Phillips Dodge. The curious thing about the Belasco dramaturgy was its lack of superiority to the uncodified tablets that pave Broadway. David Belasco might jangle the cowbell in the country lane; he might chase the star about her boudoirs with "baby spots"; he might even teach pigeons to "behave mannerly at table," far more mannerly than Marie-Odile herself. Yet was the Belasco theory of meticulous minutiæ superior to the megaphonic concept of Messrs. Cohan & Harris, or the cash-nexus of play-casting as invented and perfected by A. H. Woods? Did it really amount to much, as a bridge for the gap between the days when Steele MacKaye borrowed and preached and practiced Delsarte at the Madison Square Theatre, and these miraculous times when a Broadway manager knows what's wrong with Broadway and can write an astute and witty book about it? It is rather sad, not only for a mere reviewer, but also for the American professional theatre, to realize that How's Your Second Act? cannot be described as the most important contribution to American theory of stage production because a contribution requires, after all, a worthy object. There is hope on the horizon, however, when a rival manager can play Mr. Belasco off the stage as a producer of high comedy, and then lug Freud into the discussion without staining his hands with the unction of that sacrosanct name.

Mr. Hopkins does not utter the word Belasco either; but he talks about him just the same: "An attempt at exact reproduction challenges the . . . mind of the audience to comparison. . . . If a Childs Restaurant in all its detail is offered, it remains for the audience to recall its memory photograph of a Childs Restaurant and check it up with what is shown on the stage. . . . The result of the whole mental comparing process is to impress upon the auditor that he is in a theatre witnessing a very accurate reproduction, *only remarkable because it is not real.* So the upshot of the realistic effort is further to emphasize the unreality of the whole attempt, setting, play and all. So I submit that realism defeats the very thing to which it aspires. It emphasizes the faithfulness of unreality. . .

"Every unnecessary article in a setting is a continuing, distracting gesture beckoning constantly for the attention of the audience asking to be noticed and examined, insisting upon its right to a scrutiny because it belongs. But what of the play in the meantime? What are mere words against a fine old spinet, or delicate situation, in front of a grand father's clock that is crying, 'Look at me.' I am two hundred years old . . . the real thing. . . I've survived a thousand better plays than this. Look at me! To hell with the play! Tick-tock, tick-tock . . . brrr? And there is the dear old spinning wheel and a bootjack and some family chromos and Uncle Abram's sword right under his crayon, and endless knick-knacks, whatnots and dust-collectors, and your eye wanders over each labored detail and later on you are conscious that some one is speaking. It is some actor. 'What is he saying?' 'Something about Aunt Jennie?' 'Who is Aunt Jennie?' Aunt Jennie has been the subject of conversation for three minutes."

Let us approach a little nearer to what Mr. Hopkins wants to do and does do, still thinking of Mr. Belasco and his tricks as we read the younger producer's account of what he considers the proper method of rehearsal:

"I am opposed to the old method of marking out the 'business' in advance, because at the outset it confines the movement and tends to a fixity that hampers easy flow. The first two or three times through an act I let the actors roam about the scene and invariably the 'business' solves itself. The movement arrived at in this way has the advantage of having been born in action, and there is essentially a feeling of life about it that one cannot get by marking directions in a manuscript. Automatically all falseness of movement is denied admission, all crosses, dropping down stage, falling up stage, exchanging chairs, circling pianos, wrestling with furniture, and all the strange conduct that directors of past years have relied upon to keep actors busy. The police crusade of some time ago that kept actors moving along Broadway was only an open-air phase of stage direction, as most actors have suffered it for years."

In both these passages I have carefully suppressed mention of the theory of production for the explication of which Mr. Hopkins wrote them—the theory of what he

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calls "unconscious projection." Let us now understand that Mr. Hopkins does not abhor realism because Mr. Belasco got there first, or the whipping of actors about the stage because Grand Rapids is all that thereby prospers. He is against these things because they are in the way of his theory and its realization. When he attacks the realistic stage setting, he attacks it because it is "designed wholly for conscious appeal," the exciting of the mind and the distraction of the emotions at the expense of the playwright's work. When he condemns obstacle races through a property man's paradise, it is because he wants to have the souls of the audience watching the play instead of their eyes chasing the players.

"Extreme simplification . . . that is what I strive for incessantly . . . not because I like simplicity. It isn't a matter of taste or preference . . . it's a working out of the method of Unconscious Projection. It is the elimination of all the non-essentials, because they arouse the conscious mind and break the spell I am trying to weave over the unconscious mind. . . I want the unconscious of the actors talking to the unconscious of the audience, and I strive to eliminate every obstacle to that." And this because "complete illusion has to do entirely with the unconscious mind. . . The conscious mind should play no part. . . In the theatre I do not want the emotion that rises out of thought, but the thought that rises out of emotion. The emotional reaction must be secured first."

With this interesting indication that certain ideas of the newer psychologists may reach even to the bar of the Hotel Astor, Mr. Hopkins proceeds to the method. It is one that visitants to the Booth Theatre might have guessed. Like certain practitioners upon the unconscious, Mr. Hopkins would "still the conscious mind." This can be accomplished in the theatre "by" giving the audience no reason to think about it, by presenting every phase so unobtrusively, so free from confusing gesture, movement and emphasis, that all passing action seems inevitable, so that we are never challenged or consciously asked why. This whole treatment begins first with the manuscript, continues through the designing of settings, and follows carefully every actor's movement and inflection. If, throughout, this attitude of easy flow can be maintained the complete illusionment of the audience is inevitable."

Now it happens that the primitive meddler with psychosis, mentioned by Mr. Hopkins, is the hypnotist, and it also happens that to his refinement of gesture and setting and action, Mr. Hopkins has added one powerful factor of hypnosis which seems to some, on constant repetition, to induce a state of fixed and unchanging daze. It is the lambent, sculpturesque lighting, centred from overhead, which first charmed Broadway when the perky plots of Clare Kummer were converted under the Hopkins hand and theory into distinguished and irresistible comedy. Somehow that lighting of A Successful Calamity, as it seemed to filter naturally from high inverted globes or some such source, did "still the conscious mind" and float it away into the acceptance of the play as the most accurate reproduction of Fifth avenue life our stage had yet accomplished. It was both natural and hypnotic lighting. If one may criticize an accomplishment on the stage while reviewing a theory in a book, I would suggest that the constant use of that lambent light, whether it is in source or character essentially natural to his plays, has since led Mr. Hopkins somewhat into error and away from the accomplishment of his theory. For in the hypnosis that he seeks to accomplish there must be an unjarring naturalness by means of which "we are never challenged or consciously asked why." That light was proper to A Successful Calamity. Mr. Hopkins has since appeared to take it too much as the key to his method, just as I may seem to have taken it too much as the large and damning flaw in his productions. As a fault it is as small as the theory of Mr. Hopkins's little volume is big.

The bulk of the forty-six pages of How's Your Second Act? has to do with the practical application of the theory. This involves, as one might suspect, the abdication of King Broadway; for "this great day for the theatre will come when we decide that henceforth our intentions shall be honorable." The Hopkins method—testified to in his own productions—entails sweeping readjustments. "To begin with, author, director, scene designer and actor must become completely the servants of the play. Each must resist every temptation to score personally. . . . There is no part of the play that is done for the benefit of anyone. It must all be inevitable, impersonal and untrammelled. It requires a complete surrender of selfishness. In fact, it demands of everyone the honest rigidity of the true artist, who will stoop to nothing because it is effective, or conspicuous or because 'it goes.'"

Not even, perhaps to an ad-writer's title like How's Your Second Act? for a singularly fine little book about something very different.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

Born in Due Time

My Reminiscences, by Raphael Pumpelly. Two vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $7.50.

TO many a middle-aged man in these days it has occurred that the date of his birth was not wisely selected. The date was important because it fixed the period in which he was young, the forties and fifties, and the last twenty years were a better time to be young in than the seventies and eighties. There were more bugles and drums in the air, more Pan pipes in the country, more Pied Pipers in the town, more "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." Critical, stirring times are the better times to be young in. We were born too late for the Civil War, and too early to share, quite after the desire of everyone, in this war. The interim and later third of the last century was something of a sagging era. Its literature was mainly like the aftermath of a better time gone by. Thoreau and Hawthorne were more pregnant and significant voices than Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Howells, Emerson and Poe than—who shall we say? For only Whitman and Mark Twain seem now to have been comparable figures whose fame was young when we were young.

Mr. Randolph Bourne in a recent review of Prof. Matthews's Autobiography makes some interesting guesses as to what might have been the matter with that age of American letters—"a race to whom literature was a gesture of gentility and not a comprehension of life. What on earth can a younger generation of today do with the remains of these people, who blissfully never knew what a world of horizons and audacities they lived in?"

They were politely, and of course sincerely, aware—one remembers as much—of being a generation of lesser men, a more pallid and tenuous thing, than the generation or two preceding; but that they should recognize the signs of more substance, courage and depth in the generation rising would, of course, be too much to expect. One can only join with

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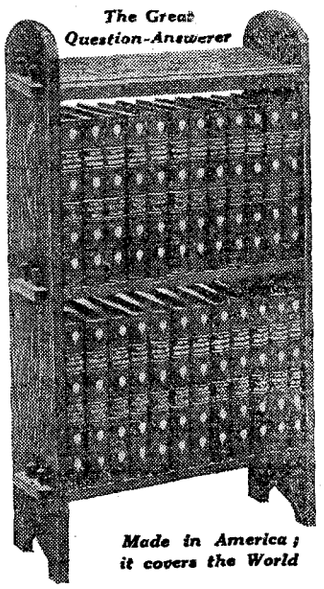

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Mr. Bourne in assuring that passing age that the rising one shows a lack of admiration for it which verges on the profane.

"Fortunately," Mr. Pumpelly begins, "the stork chose well my destination; for, instead of imprisoning me in the confinement of a city, it sought for me the free air of the country." It did more than that. It selected 1837, and not a later date, and made him young in a good time.

In the selection of country and class much would depend on the part it was proposed that the young man should play. A wise stork might say: "If he is to plunge into arts and letters, I shall choose Paris; I shall let him smoke and dream and go hungry for a few years in a garret on the Rive Gauche. If he is to be a casual young Olympian of wealth and social position, I shall make him a scion of a solid old English family. Things are well arranged then for that kind of a young man. But if he is to make his own way in the world of action, I shall make him an American. Nowhere else are his chances so good for a satisfactory life, which begins with only health and brains and an education."

Mr. Pumpelly went to Europe, instead of to Yale, in 1854, and was there six years. He explored wild Corsica and studied geology at Freiburg. Here arises another envious sigh over the luck of the young American who learned his Europe in the days of Pio Nono, when "Germany" was still a pleasant word and the Rhine romantic, when the brigands were Italian and picturesque, Paris full of great writers and painters, and there were no funiculars in the Alps. Fresh eyes, an unspoiled palate and a world of wonders! And no eyes were so eager, no appetite so unjaded as the young American's.

He returned to America with his profession in 1860, and had a year's rough life in Arizona. The four years of the Civil War were passed in Japan, China and Siberia. 1865 saw him in America again with a well-earned reputation, having seen much of men and manners, and he only twenty-eight. Followed some thirty years in this country, busy years of varied and important activities. A geologist's is apt to be no bookworm profession. It leads to the open air, and from the university to the wilderness and back again. It touches the world's current markets and the world's hoariest antiquity. Its conclusions are vital to Wall Street quotations and to the dark backwash of humanity. In the development of the West it knew politics as well as business and engineering. It is scientific and executive, speculative and practical, imaginative and financial. It is a culture in overalls. It measures time by millions of years, and its wealth is superb.

And yet to most of us Mr. Pumpelly's name is almost entirely associated with his work, geologic only in part, in Central Asia, whither he led two famous expeditions, in 1903 and 1904, and that manifestly near the end of his career. He calls it himself "the most interesting part of my life."

He had met with, in China in 1863, "an old commentary of one of the books of Confucius, which contained maps, showing the rivers of the empire and their ancient changes of course, with marginal annotations. On the map of the Tarim basin in Chinese Turkestan, at a point apparently north of Kastigar, one note read: 'Here dwell the Usan, a people with red hair and blue eyes.' Another note told of the burial of more than a hundred cities by sand during one of the dynasties of the early part of our era. I had read enough of the Aryan problem of that time to know that most of the European languages were sisters of Sanscrit and Zend, and that their cradle was supposed to have been rocked on or near Pamir. So to me the hair and eyes of the Usan seemed to mean Aryan." The problem of the Aryan led to the sand-buried cities, to the shrunken inland seas, and their causes in climatology; to the land which had dried up and its civilizations vanished before a great thirst. No events in history are more fundamental than the old migrations and the drying up of Central Asia in the foundation of these. Here surely were "horizons and audacities."

A fortunate and useful life in which the usefulness and the good fortune are so mingled that one does not know which to call a cause and which a result, and in this especially fortunate that it nowhere waned in vigor and toward its end walked nearest to "the shores of old romance."

A. C.

Belgium's Underground Press

The Secret Press in Belgium, by Jean Massart. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 2s/6d, net.

WHILE the underground press in the occupied cities of Belgium continues to issue at intervals of "regular irregularity" such newspapers as La Libre Belgique and De Vlaamsche Leeuw, it is inconceivable that she will ever be conquered. Never until now have we observed to what a degree of nobility the morale of a people may be sustained by newspapers alone. One does not have to be imaginative to conceive of these newspapers as weapons. They are the weapons which are reinforcing a passive resistance and making it stronger and more resilient than any active resistance can be. Even the German administrators, strongly as they put their faith in the force of arms, have enlisted the printing press for the purpose of breaking down, or, at least, weakening, the passive resistance of the people by printing and spreading broadcast lies, perversion of the truth, pro-German sentiment supposed to have been expressed by "loyal Belgians." Unwillingly have the German administrators been forced to flatter the truly loyal Belgians who are publishing the underground newspapers by setting a king's ransom on their heads. Distributors have been shot, imprisoned, fined. Nothing avails. There are enough to fill the gaps. The secret press in Belgium continues its merry way, fighting in its chosen manner the enemies who appear to have conquered its beloved land.

To all those who believe that Germany has conquered Belgium because the military cartographer says so, M. Jean Massart, formerly Vice-Director of the Class of Sciences in the Royal Academy of Belgium, brings a convincing denial. The story which he tells of the service which the secret press has rendered and is rendering in knitting together all classes of Belgians, Flamingants, Wallingants, Socialists, clericals, in opposition to the invader is reminiscent of the Russian revolutionists and their underground press in the days of the autocracy. Most of the excerpts from the secret press which M. Massart uses in this little volume are athrill with the spirit of combat. Or else they gleam with a sharp sardonic humor. Surely the art of writing, many as are the perversions to which it is so often subject, justifies itself when it is put to such use as this.

To "His Excellency, Baron von Bissing," the editors of La Libre Belgique wrote in October, 1915:

"You should remember, dear sir, that La Libre Belgique pledged itself, from the moment of its birth, to appear in spite of everything, so long as our dear country is occupied by your compatriots, so long as it is necessary to react against the press which is in your pay, and that which, by its lies or its omissions, is seeking to enfeeble our patriotism, to

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wear down our resistance, to enervate our characters, to sow doubt, division and despair in our ranks, in a word, to render vain and useless our sacrifices and our sufferings.

"You forget that in Belgium a promise is a sacred engagement, which binds him who has made it as firmly as an oath and more firmly than a diplomatic treaty. You make the great mistake of regarding us as annexed. You may rob us, imprison us, shoot us even, but you will not silence us.

"WE ARE NOT GERMANS—SO DO NOT MEASURE US WITH YOUR ELL."

In this journalistic warfare now being waged in Belgium the underground newspapers are not the only weapons for the sustaining of morale. Beside these newspapers there are published reprints of books and pamphlets, picture post cards, giving photographs of German spies, loyal Belgians and evidences of German ruthlessness, reprints of newspapers published in Holland, France and in the unoccupied portions of Belgium. Certain articles of importance are typed and distributed.

The guerilla warfare Belgium has maintained and is maintaining will surely be noted by the historian of the war as her peculiar contribution toward the real defeat of autocracy. H. P. S.

Prophets of Dissent: Essays on Maeterlinck, Strindberg, Nietzsche and Tolstoy, by Otto Heller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

NO inner coherence unites the four essays which comprise this volume. And that coherence is lacking because Professor Heller fails to show what common bond unites the philosophies of these men. That they are dissidents is evident enough; that there is the slightest intellectual or moral rapprochement among them is by no means evident, and not even a professor of modern literature can make it appear so. Were the world surrendered into the hands of these four men for the purpose of reformation, there would be as violent and bitter quarrels among them as there exist today between representatives of classes most irreconcilably opposed to each other in present-day society. To the person who has even a perfunctory knowledge of his subjects, Professor Heller contributes nothing new. But to those for whom the names are without definite associations, the book is an interesting and informative introductory.

Owing to the scarcity of paper the Index for Volume XV, which was completed with No. 195, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who, in the course of this month, will send us his name and address on a post card directed to the NEW REPUBLIC, *421 West 21st street, New York City.*

Contributors

to this Issue

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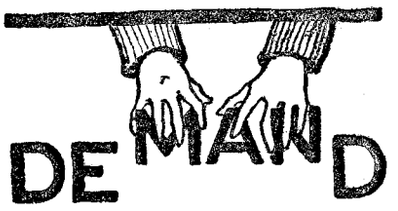

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